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## LIFE.

BY ALICE CARY.

An host, a moment, a light, thick breath—
Mystery! mystery! Life, death, and both
Darkward and forward the vaster flow and flow—
Why are they coming? and where do they go?

We know that the rain must be dead and not fit,
But not—never it seems—our faith, either as we will,
For when the long-coveted prize is achieved,
We marvel that ever we toiled and believed.

We have not our good things as yet, a great blow
Is waiting us somewhere, but oh, 'tis not this!
That this in the path we are treading to-day—
"Will come to-morrow, or next week, some other way.

We find in the garden, when once it is sere,
The shadow and thin luminations of flowers;
Our own royal rose still is blooming and,
'Tis all the same story, the earth and the skies.

The pleasures we have we let go in disdain,
And catch at some dream and set forward again:
And when we have reached what we thought the grand height,
We find that the mountain is only in sight.

We have and are loved, but to bring little rest,
And we die of starvation of heart, at the best;
We have, and have with the wages are woe,
That all, all is vanity under the sun.

An host, a moment, a low, thin breath—
Mystery! mystery! Life, Birth, and Death!
Darkward and forward the waves flow and flee—
Why are they coming? and where do they go?

## LADY ASHLEIGH.

### A TALE OF FASHIONABLE LIFE.

CHAPTER III.

And if I laugh at any mortal thing,
'Tis that I may not weep; and if I seem
Not what I really am, under this guise
I mean to hide myself, as deep night hides day.
Thus do I hide my sadness.—*Twelfth Night.*

Not a person present—and there were about fifty observers amongst her guests—suspected the secret feeling of loathing and contempt with which Ashleigh received the introduction to Mr. Arlon, whose polite and friendly manner—owing just the proper degree of warmth—elicited the passionate admiration and anger with which he regarded her. In England she would have been convicted little more than a child when they had last met. In India people have a different appreciation of age. Then the flower is plucked when the dew of morning is freshest on the leaf.

"Heartless monster," thought her ladyship, as with a countenance radiant with smiles she welcomed him to Rensdon Hall.

"He looks well, I'll be mentally calculated the new-comer, taking her extended hand in his, and raising it, with the formal gallantry of the day, to his lips.

Not even Sir Harry, who was standing near, perceived the involuntary shudder that ran through the frame of his wife at the first contact of his cousin's lips, or the menacing glance that answered it. Sir Harry, on the contrary, was question whether Nature's swift painter, the sunbeam, could have fixed them.

"The Marchioness of Belgrave, her daughter, Lady Mary and Lady Margaret Fluffles, Miss Currey, Lady Priory, and Mrs. General Grey," said the butler, presenting him to the rest of the ladies.

"And what have I done, Harry, that I am to be omitted?" demanded Lady Masvers, who made her appearance in the drawing-room just as the ceremony of introducing Mr. Arlon had been gone through.

"I am too old a friend to require being named, to recall me to the recollection of your ladyship," observed the gentleman, in a tone which indicated that he desired to stand well with the opinion of the speaker.

The dowager gave her hand with her usual stately grace, and regarded him earnestly as he raised and left it, and looked steadily into his eye.

"You are not much changed," she replied, and there was that in her tone as she spoke, and her eye as she looked steadily into his which might have led a careful observer to believe that a greater change in the expression of his countenance would not have been, in her opinion, for the best.

"I have heard sad tales of your goings on in India," she added.

The age of the speaker, as well as the relationship between her and Ashleigh, may not altogether warrant, the freedom of her ladyship's remarks.

Although Mr. Arlon was too completely a man of the world to betray his displeasure openly at this attack, he could not avoid casting a reproachful glance at Lady Ashleigh.

"Quite wrong," said the dowager, who perceived it. "Mr. Arlon never had the pleasure of her husband's acquaintance, for that he had such a superior—"

"Indeed?"

The indeed was pronounced half doubtingly, by

"Indeed," repeated Lady Masvers. "Shocked me so herself."

"Very strange, indeed, and lost sailors, for he knew the dowager took well to doubt her assertion.

"I have already given him the right to doubt me," said Ashleigh, who observed that this greatly mortified at the unexpected turn the conversation had taken.

"The first time I ever knew that proud lady discomfited," Mr. Arlon muttered. He added, to himself. "Good! it is a proof she fears me."

"My dear Lady Masvers," exclaimed Miss Currey, "can you accuse of the shocking? you have done? Such a reputation as you have given Mr. Arlon would make the fortune of half a dozen unmarried women. Is he ready to imagine?"

"I am not afraid," she continued, laughing, as the gentleman flushed his eyes brightly upon her. "I am a non-conductor, if you please."

There was something irresistibly comic, as well as graceful, in the curtsey the old maid solemnly dropped him.

"Your ladyship must not lull me into a fatal security," observed the visitor, gallantly.

"My lady is warned," said the butler, throwing open the door at the dressing-bell.

It was one of the good old customs of Rensdon Hall that on the first day of his arrival, each male guest should conduct the mistress of the house to the dining-table, and occupy the seat of honor by her side.

Such as her ladyship desired it, it would have looked strange to have departed from the rule in the present instance; and with a relative, too.

Lady Margaret Fluffles was seated, as usual, next to Lord Lutestring, whose attentions began to assume a serious tone, much to the mortification of his disinterested nephew, and her admirer, Captain Virlan.

The last-named gentleman still labored under the delusion that it was in his power to distance the pompous poor by pumping. He was in error. The well-disciplined beauty, if not reconciled, was perfectly prepared to submit to her fate.

"She struggles bravely," thought Mr. Arlon, charmed by the ease and grace with which Lady Ashleigh did the honors of the table to her guests. "Europe has improved her in mind as well as person; she is more piquant than ever. In India she would long since have faded and been forgotten."

Little did the handsome wretch suspect the pangs those struggles cost his victim—the bitter shame, the secret reading of the heart, the self-loathing and reproach at finding herself compelled to act a part so foreign to her nature; and even if he could have seen them, have analyzed them one by one, the sight would only have added to his triumph.

Whatever judgment soiled might have pronounced had her sad story been known, her delight at this period of her life was more to be pitied than blamed. She was silently paying the penalty of another's crimes—not her own.

Once, and once only, during the evening did the unhappy woman lose that self-possession her unusual persecutor so greatly admired. It occurred in the drawing-room, when Mr. Arlon, drawing her children upon his knee, imprinted a kiss upon the cheek of each. She could endure no more. The mother's heart revolted at the gratification, and she snatched them from him with a movement so brusque that it attracted the attention of those nearest to her.

The glance of the offender conveyed a terrible menace.

"You are too old to be kissed by gentlemen," observed her ladyship, confusedly. "It will make them hoydenish. Mary has been spoiled them already by its romping and indulgence."

"Innocence, Selina?" exclaimed her husband, laughingly. "I hate to see girls grow into old women before they are out of leading-strings."

Lady Ashleigh's bright, fleeting observation his cousin, "if she wishes her children as innocent and as fearless as her brother's."

"Was that a sneer or a compliment?" whispered Miss Currey to the latter.

"A compliment, no doubt," replied Dorrien.

"Dash! well I perhaps it was. I'm sure that you noticed the look Mr. Arlon gave Lady Ashleigh when she released those children from his embrace."

The gentleman had seen it; but not choosing to acknowledge the disagreeable impression it had produced upon him, remained silent.

"I am certain that you did," continued the speaker, "for nothing escapes your keenness. To see it fastened very like a thread."

"I cannot," replied Dorrien. "Pardon the word. I should have said impossible."

"I dared it," repeated the lady. "Am you serious?"

"Really—"

"Then you are less clear-sighted than I supposed you were," answered Miss Currey. "Shove me the bills without a sneer."

"Your own, for instance."

"Perhaps!" stimulated the old maid. "Had to what you next call me? I presume, Mr. Dorrien, you—"

"Will you accompany me to the piano, Miss Currey?" said the latter, throwing open the door of the drawing-room.

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"Your own, for instance."

"Thank you, Harry," said her ladyship, shaking down the ashes of her cigar.

"Now, gentlemen, discussion the learned, leaving us poor women where we have been since making a rude speech. Ah, Selina, if all women were pure and single-hearted like yourself, the world would be better, and men more worthy of the name."

The tone of tender confidence, of unbounded love, in which these words were uttered, rang like the softest knell in the ears of the unhappy woman, whom a few hours, as she well knew, might see degraded in the eyes of the husband she so dearly loved, and separated from her children.

To that sense subdue this weakness," he added.

"I will subdue it, Harry," said his wife—"subdue it for your sake. It is gone. I am nerved again."

"I can perceive nothing to be nerved at," observed the owner of Rensdon Hall, laughing. "Why, Selina, to see your looks, and hear you speak of my cousin, a stranger, would imagine him to be some terrible monster, such as one reads about in fairy tales—a sort of Blue Beard, regularly making his escape from the merciless women and children.

"If you are such a Bluffe coward now," he added, "what would you be if my real danger threatened you?"

"Be, Harry! Steel—steel!" replied Lady Ashleigh, calmly.

The words were accompanied by one of those rare but powerful looks which more than once had plunged Charles Dorrien in a profound reverie. The young barrister had a passion for analyzing character. It was an amusement, a sort of fashionable passion of his, and the study of his friend taxed its ingenuity to the utmost. To him she was a living Sphinx.

He had not solved her yet.

The next morning proved a bright though frosty one, and most of the guests assembled at the breakfast table appeared in excellent spirits.

"Who is for the home covers?" demanded their host, whose gaiters and shooting-jacket announced his intentions.

"Ah, those affairs of state!" he added, addressing Lord Lutestring. "Your lordship, I fear, is engaged, as usual?"

The lord grinned gravely.

"Sorry to hear it. I may count upon your assistance, Virlan?"

The fashionable Edward Pumpkin regarded the latter, who graciously informed him that no one he could dispense with his services.

"Wished him out of the way," thought the captain.

To the surprise of Sir Harry, the last-named gentleman declined joining the party. Lady Ashleigh, however, he understood, was going, at nine most unhandsomely. She ought to have waited, divined that his intentions were serious, and not try to force him in a declaration by a flirtation with Lord Lutestring till he had public made up his mind.

"No shooting?" said the baronet. "What's the matter, Virlan?"

"Why, to be candid, I am not very good at shooting."

"The best excuse I ever heard," exclaimed Miss Currey, in a theatrical tone, and at the same time making a sufficed glance at the aged peer and Lady Margaret.

"Ah, Harry!" remarked the captain.

"Pretty, yes mean."

"Dash! I think the quotation for you!" observed the old maid.

"Because you were, when you could keep your tongue still."

"You rude old beast—"

she added, without waiting for his reply.

"Dash!" exclaimed the gentleman, coolly.

"Shakespeare, you fool," said the lady. "Mr. Talbot, why do you not express Captain Virlan for his treason to the divine laws?"

"I am not one of his worshippers, Shakespeare, in my opinion, has been grossly overrated," replied the person thus appealed to. "I should never think of employing such language as he has made use of."

"No one would suspect you of it," observed the lady, with an ironical smile. "Poor Willie! Town and country alike taboo him."

"And very properly so," said Priscilla Talley, coming, like a dutiful daughter, to the assistance of her papa. "I have discovered many very objectionable passages in his works."

"How ludicrous you must have been, my love!" remarked Miss Currey, in a tone of affectionate horror.

The young lady blushed, muttered something about the speaker being an extraordinary creature, and the conversation ended.

Every morning after breakfast Lord Lutestring was in the habit of passing an hour or two in the library, where he wrote his letters. It looked well. Many an official envelope was left by his lordship upon the table, or thrown carelessly on the carpet. An experienced actor could not have played the part to more notice effectively.

"If it is true, Margaret, to bring your admirer to book," observed the Marchioness of Belgrave to her eldest daughter, "you must not be trifled with."

"No, mamma," answered the young lady, with a sigh.

"You will follow his lordship into the library, and give him an opportunity of declaring himself."

"Yes, mamma. But if he should not declare himself?"

"I shall doubt your being a child of mine," replied the maneuvering mother. "Could you doubt himself?" she repeated. "Impossible, after the attention he has paid you. He cannot avoid it if you have any tact."

"The position is more difficult than you imagine," said her daughter, mutedly. "The table at which he writes is cushioned by a hurdle screen."

"Well?"

"How am I to draw his attention from those provoking dumplings?"

"Margaret, I really blush for you," exclaimed the mother, "to hear you speak of one of my cousins! One would imagine you had not had the advantage of a London season. Why, I could teach you a book—opened, his cushion would be the very thing. Let your handkerchief fall, and you will find him at your feet. Nothing can be added, remember."

"Then this evening was to be the crisis. Her daughter's indifference—that is to say, her ambition and prudence—had overcome all its difficulties. She had made up her mind to be Lady Lutestring, a coronet and some diamonds at least were not to be thrown away.

Accident, as it frequently does, played into her hands in a manner she least expected.

Lady Margaret Fluffles had scarcely seated herself in the library when Captain Virlan, who had watched the occasion, made his appearance. He had not the slightest suspicion that his lordship had left the room to avoid a tête-à-tête, another errand would be uttered.

The fact was, he was meditating her attack upon the peer, beheld his approach with secret satisfaction. He was quite clever enough to perceive that his opportunity of speaking with you," said the gentleman, fully persuaded that he was addressing the future wife.

"With me!" exclaimed her ladyship with prettily affected surprise.

"Yes, madam, on the subject of my feelings. They have been too apparent. I danced with you last season at Lady Ashleigh's ball, and did place only on the certainty of meeting you. Since I returned from Scotland, and yet you have used me cruelly."

"I—"

"Lacerated my feelings, driven me to despair—madam, you know it well."

"How many more items are to be included in the list of injuries you have perpetrated against me?" demanded Lady Margaret, laughingly.

"Cruel, girl!"

"Captain Virlan! I do not understand you."

"You understand me," said the gentleman; who began to suspect that to make a declaration unsolicited was to run the risk of what he he at first imagined. "Nonsense! You know I cannot live without you, and have looked upon it as a settled thing. My fortune is almost as large as—"

It would be affectation to pretend to misunderstand the words which followed the wretched lady. "I thank you for the good opinion—the high opinion you have of me," she replied, "but it is impossible that we should ever be more to each other than friends."

"Refused!" exclaimed the gentleman.

"Refused!" repeated the lady.

"Refused!" repeated the astonished suitor, who could not believe his ears. "Refused! Why, the fewer as the Duchess of Cranberry's ex is? What is the matter with me?"

"Captain Virlan," said her ladyship, speaking hurriedly in order to prevent a repetition of his thoughtless, innocent acts of mine have encouraged those that never can be realized."

"Never realized!" exclaimed the gentleman.

"Good gracious! that I meeting distressed me after all? Why, he is not enough to be your grandfather!"

"I cannot, will not, hear a word spoken so disrespectfully of Lord Lutestring," said Miss Margaret Fluffles, with well-acted indignation.

"I am sorry that you should have misunderstood me," of course I can understand—quite natural."

"Lord Lutestring has not proposed to me," observed the timid girl, with a sigh; "nor ever will. His life is devoted to his country's service. He is too important a personage, I fear, to stoop to steal for love. A mind like his considers such weakness."

"You can't deny his attentions," reinforced the disappointed lover.

"His lordship has been attentive to me in every occasion I" said Lady Margaret, much flattered and grateful that he should indeed his baby mind to conversation with a simple, ignorant girl like myself."

Horror in the colour of his life had Captain

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Vivian felt so mystified. Not that he believed a single word she uttered. The lofty mind of Lord Lascelles was too much for him to comprehow. Wounded vanity forbade him to repeat his offer, and he quitted the library, presently, without expressing the opinion he entertained of his rival too clearly.

"Is he gone?" demanded the gratified peer, peeping from behind the screen after the door had closed.

"My Lord!" cried Vere.

The scream and start which accompanied the words were the proudest bits of fashionable insin-dream-ing extant.

"Do not fly me, dearest girl," added his hardship, taking her hand. "If, too, have something to say to you."

An hour later, when Lady Margaret Pimlico returned to the drawing-room of her mother, she threw herself into her arms and whispered:

"It is all over, mamma. I may be Lady Lascelles whenever I please."

A fiend of chaos followed the words. The Marchioness took no notice of them. The proposal had been made and accepted. It was all the heartless woman of the world cared about.

CHAPTER IV.

[of the events which were wished to be kept, Will have the whip possessors see it read."

The Past.

The waterfall in Hesonton Park was a spot of great natural beauty. No Capability Brown had been permitted to mar its loveliness, under pretence of improving nature. The limpid waters gushed from the chasm freely and unconfined, till they fell into the lake at the foot of a pile of rock. The only attempts at ornamentation were a few shells, and the remains of a statue overgrown with lichen—a species of vegetable ivy-dence.

The red pine and Norway fir formed a double belt, not unlike the fence of a prison, round the place; whilst large lilacs, hanging like lotuses from the pendant boughs, gave them a wild, fantastic appearance, not without a certain beauty as they glimmered in the cold beams of sun.

As Mr. Arlon advanced to the place of rendezvous, Lady Ashleigh met him. She appeared pale, but calm—previously calm, he thought. His would much rather have seen her flushed and agitated, unable to speak for tears, as in days gone by.

"Punctuality is not always a lady's virtue," he observed, raising his hat with the most circumspect politeness. "I am grateful for your exactness."

"I am not here to listen to compliments," observed her haughty, quietly. "We each of us know their value, Mr. Arlon, and despise the same."

"Selfless, my heart is on fire. I cannot paint the misery I endure at beholding you another's. Europe has realized the promise of your youth, developed your understanding, added grace and refinement to your beauty. I am mad when I reflect you once were mine. Have you not one word of pity for me? No solace? No reply to the avowal of my sufferings?"

"I came to hear what you had to say to me, Mr. Arlon," observed the mistress of Hesnton Hall; "not to listen to a repetition of words, which, if I did not know you, would excite my mirth. You forget, my self-esteem, that whatever phase of character you may assume to others, to me you are known. You have had no self, nothing to deceive, since you so entirely threw off the mask. Let us speak of the words, 'silence and forgetfulness.'"

"I love you, Selina! passionately, madly love you!"

"Ridiculous!" ejaculated Lady Ashleigh. "Men never attempt to appear contemptible and infamous in the eyes of the women they love."

The countenance of Mr. Arlon changed. His voice and manner of the speaker stung him even more than her words.

"By heavens! you bear it bravely," he replied, in a sneering tone.

"How should I bear it?" demanded the lady. "You forget how completely I am now in my power—that one word from my lips will reduce you to such abject misery that death would be a relief. I have but to return to the house, and introduce to my guests the relationship that existed between me and their brother, to cause them to look on you as more sinful than you so from a living leprosy—to hear your husband cast out of—that you from the house to which your presence is a disgrace, separate you from your children, and drive you forth a blot to fear you noised."

At this shudder to her daughters the firmness of Lady Ashleigh gave way, and she wrung her hands in speechless agony and shame.

"How the world will laugh," he continued, "when it learns the truth. How glad the virtuous, immaculate wife of my cousin Harry ——"

"Hold!" shrieked the unhappy woman. "Have you no touch of humanity in your nature? no sense of manhood or of pity? You to reproach me! You! inhuman as cowardly, as was cowardly when you left the husband who calls himself my father threw me into your power—and me to you, to be trampled under as the grazing cattle; obtained possession of him he had forged, and left him to die a felon, saving a dishonored life but the sacrifice of his only child.

"Young as I was," continued the speaker, with increasing vehemence, "I never was a child willing dupe. I hated and despised you when the victim of loathsome violence!

"Perhaps you will prevail upon society to believe it," observed the villain, sneeringly.

"My husband will believe it," replied the lady.

"Prove it!"

"And revenge me," she added significantly.

"I never fight with the man who is my debtor," observed Mr. Arlon.

"Coward!" ejaculated Lady Ashleigh.

"Selina, this is folly, madness, and not her persistor. If I have chosen you my power, it is that you may not dare to use it. Why should we not be friends?"

Friends!" repeated his victim bitterly.

"Neither Harry nor the world need suspect ——"

"Do not profane my ears by infamous proposals. I would prefer death to safety at such a price. Leave me, for I look into my heart and shudder. Leave me, for my own sake, if not for mine."

A menace, exclaimed the gentleman, laughing.

"He is a prayer—a prayer! Scare me if you are a man!"

Lady Ashleigh threw herself at his feet. It was the wife and mother he had humbled, not the woman.

A cynical smile passed over his features as he replied:

"Selina," he said, "you ask of me too much —a sufficient love and faith in habit of practising. Call me selfish, if you will—perhaps I am—but your beauty is my justification. Never did my heart beat so passionately as now. The utmost I can accord, in three days to reflect before you answer."

"Three days?"

"If you decide on quitting Sir Harry and flying with me to the Continent, all that wealth can lavish you shall command. If you determine on remaining with your husband, you may trust to my prudence and discretion to guard your reputation."

"Only three days?" repeated the unhappy woman.

"Am I not generous?"

The look that answered the unmanly question might have warned him there were limits to the forbearance of the being he had so brutally outraged and trifled with, which it might be dangerous to pass. But his evil passion blinded him. He saw in her only weak, defenceless woman, only prostrated by terror, and eagerly at his feet.

"If this misery is so all upon me," sobbed the unfortunate Hesnton Hall, "I cannot remain beneath the same roof with my children; the sight of them would be a reproach to me. It would kill me to feel and know myself a living blot, a degraded thing unworthy of their love, their unsuspecting father's confidence."

"Why fly with me, then?" exclaimed the villain.

"I said not that. Three days! yes, three days to reflect—to decide. They are mine. You promised."

"And will not break my word," said Mr. Arlon.

Thanks! thanks!" ejaculated her ladyship, hurriedly. Then, as if conscious for the first time of the words she had uttered, she clasped her hands and added:

"Oh! that I could ever live to offer thanks to him."

The report of a gun was heard at no very great distance. It came from the home preserves, where Sir Harry and the friends were shooting. The speaker hastily dropped her veil, and started down a path beneath the rock behind, the steward.

"Not a word, Arlon!" she said, in a voice of command.

"Madam!"

"Your husband is coming!"

"Husband!" children! home! are mine again! all other!

Although the speaker had only the widow's assertion of her will and power to protect her from the terrible danger that menaced her reputation and peace, the interior Mr. Arlon's manner appeared to doubt either the one or the other, but he answered her with a habit of practised confidence of a child.

"Be under no apprehension," added the woman.

"Condition? yes, anything. Is it money? You shall have all that I can command."

"No."

"My Diamonds, then! They are yours. Peace of mind is far more precious than the most costly gems."

"You ought to have known me better," observed Esther Hesnton. "My services, like my friendship, are not to be purchased by gold or jewels."

The widow whispered a few words in the ear of her visitor, whose countenance suddenly became overshadowed by an expression of unutterable malignity.

"It is not for me to say more," she added. "I leave you to your own reflections, and to the choice of extend hereafter, as the reply."

"Is that your final answer?"

"Take—or change," said the widow, coolly. "Decide!"

"I will decide!"

"Yes; for now I doubt you. There is a secret in your heart, which, like a seed of the Upas, only requires one drop of water to fill it with bitter fruit.

"You are severe to me," added the speaker, in a tone of mock feeling, "silenced Arlon, slightly blushed but the widow, offended by her haughtiness, would render her promise.

"I remember that it is a solemn compact between you and Esther, after her widow had refused the pride she dictated; 'as you value your life, or your husband's love, the silence of your children, do not attempt to strike or rather with it.'

"Words!"

"Leaving dead I should know how to avenge myself," observed the widow. "To well that we have no time to lose. Remember, I should be deeply pressed for time. To-morrow evening, at this hour, your final resolve receive excuse to sel for me to the Hall."

"Your ladyship's will is to be obeyed."

"I regret it be so good a reason as any other," observed the widow. "Let us part, for hour when our guests are engaged in the chase."

"Wisdomed."

"Then we must not see me. His craven ill would take be alarm, and exposure become inevitable."

"What do you propose?" demanded her companion, who began to suspect that the widow's power was great with an expression of terror at the idea of her husband's rage.

"I will hide you when next you see me," replied Esther, with a smile.

"That will depend upon accidents! I have no power to control the events of life."

"You are strangely pitiful. Have you forgotten your power?"

"Will?"

"Could I spare him?"

"Could I unnecessarily burden my soul with guilt? No, Esther, I will not risk the consequences right prove disastrous to us both."

The widow smiled disdainfully.

"Then I will be responsible. If you could do it safely?"

"Yes," replied the voracious reptile that had called its heartless fellow around my feet; "assuredly terminated her existence peacefully and having fired so. My wrongs have armed me with the power of vengeance, and I will use it."

"We understand each other. Selina," observed the widow, with mortally provoking coolness. "It is time that you returned to the house. Remember, that you are to be watched by your guests; but before you depart I must see proved a certain sum of money."

Hesnton took the box, or specties of casket, which he had brought with him, and opened it. The widow took her visitor from her hand, and, after examining the contents, closed the box and said as it seemed, with a sigh of satisfaction. She then observed Lady Ashleigh, who she bade her remember in future, that she was to be addressed as Mrs. Arlon, and left the grotto.

WAITING.

BY MARY FORRESY.

Sitting in maiden meekness, or standing proud with waiting for maidenhood's waiting blush, Sighing for sighs of each, Half fearless, Breathing and living for one soul one soul, one knight, Hoping, yet unable to break on the light; Waiting for love.

Bending thy brow to the morning's dawn Or gazing at the evening star, The social fire, heart, or home, now crossing, To-morrow's sun, or the sunshine peeping— Oh, spirit or flower, thou shrest my soul Waiting for love, for love, for love.

When lighting the old tongues are fearing music, Dwelling on the old in silvery locks,

Waiting for love.

## THE KING OF THE WORLD.

At the Asylum of B——, which I visited by invitation, I soon became much interested in the case of a young man who was pointed out to me as the most remarkable patient of all the inmates. The history of his case was simple enough. It was the recent acres of pleasure-ground attached to it were constantly open to the public, and were well ventilated, and were kept in the most perfect order; and the whole system of management was so arranged as to produce a tranquil and healthful effect. None of the patients were of the wealthy class; and where their condition of mind would allow it, employment and labor were permitted to dress to please their taste, and to indulge, to a certain extent, their own amusement, and to conduct themselves to suit their own habits. Of course, perfect uniformity was difficult—in fact almost impossible—for a large number of persons of diversified habits between the same and insane—the attendants and the keepers.

I remember a couple of rather ludicrous instances that I saw during my visit to the Asylum. The principal, who had been acting for some time as my guide, called upon me to see as we were entering a large hall devoted to all kinds of games. There were bowling-alleys and billiards, bagatelle, shovel-board, and so on. We had scarcely entered the hall when a gentleman, rather comfortably clothing their games in a manner that showed that they were not insane, came up to me, with a polite bow, and opened his mouth to address me, apparently in the thought of their institution. I replied that I was not. "Then," said he, "perhaps you will favor me with a game." I declined, with thanks, on the plea that I was not a player. "Then," said he, "perhaps you will favor me with a game?"

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## MOTHER ANGEL IN HEAVEN.

BY FINLEY JOHNSON.

We gathered fresh flowers, and wove them
In a wreath for the brow of our dead,
With the cool dew still on it, a long light,
With the cool dew still on it, a long light,
And sprinkled the golden ringlets that
Where clustering her brow so white;
And indeed the lids that never again
Would gaze on mortal eye.

Her dresses were beautifully veined
In a blue of a hall embroidery,
And the smile of an angel seemed to shine
Upon her pure and beautiful face,
And we who stood could scarce believe
That she was dead.

That the form of beauty before us was naught
And the form of breathing corpse of clay.

We took her down to the old church-yard,
Where the dew was sparkling,
And a weeping willow stood by the tree,
And a weeping willow stood by the tree,
Over the spot where our last regret
Of the mortal form of our mother.

We left her there in the quiet grave,
And we turned to go home,
And we uttered it in sad tones of woe,
And we uttered it in sad tones of woe,
Our mother is gone!

We left her there in the quiet grave,
Where the dew fell in a quiet song,
On a beautiful summer eve,
To wake in the morn and find that earth
Was a glorious unchanging heaven.

## BRIDGET MURPHY.

BY EMILIE J. MERIMAN.

She waf the best girl in the block. *As far looks*—there were, perhaps, others with finer features and hair by nature almost as fair, but her all in all, from her clean, well-kissed, sensible shoes, to the smoothly combed hair, she was also the best looking girl in the block.

Bridget was also a girl of whom you could tell that by her fine eyes, dark hair and fair complexion she knew to be a type of beauty, and married in every class, in and around the old Irish capital, distinct and unique creations in the world. In their grace and spirituality there is something of the Greek, while in delicacy of limb and feature they resemble more the American women than those scattered across the channel.

Bridget's general housework in the family of our neighbors across the way—the Treadwells. I was a fine tempting, and well-paid one, was Monday morning or Saturday night, whenever she had a quarrel, which was not her the same—regretful, well-mannered, smiling and tidy. And this hopeful servant girl gave evidence of a few of the true dignity of excellence in a score of those rare young ladies—hence than a score of those rare young ladies—hence the fact that she was looked, be-ringed and be-fanned—that we had languishing glances from the windows, and smiles surrounding the streets. And I always felt happier after having looked into her face.

Bridget always dressed well, although Mrs. Treadwell told me she sent her mother one half her wages regularly. Whatever she had to wear was chosen, both as to color and shape. Two neat, small-figured calico dresses, worn alternately, were quite sufficient for every-day. They were always well ironed, and never frayed out around the bottom. Then a changing, small slip-shod feet. Shoes, I have noticed, are the first article of dress to go in the after-noon or evening—with a while linen collar, and cuffs to match from one year's end to the complete. The girls in the neighborhood laughed at her because she never wore hoops; but she always answered them good-naturedly by saying that "she was too fat to be caged till I felt a big—" never mind; I'll be loud, if I can use more to sing with"; at last, she declared (like some who live up stairs) she would never wear hoops at all. And as for convenience say hence for cash. And as for convenience —why, she'd be all tangled up in the street cars with the folds of the turn o' work with the things about her."

Never did we behold Sunday mornings when she went to church—and she never failed to go—but that little white chip bonnet, with its ribbon of her favorite color—green—and its plume across the top, and when she came home, if you looked closely you could see perched on the back of the prayer-book a sprig of evergreen; or, if it was summer, a clover leaf, which she always called shamrock. Struwe tell which way the wind blows; yes to those little efforts on the home where Bridget's heart was.

But I am going to tell you all about Bridget Murphy, for she was a remarkable girl, inasmuch as every one who knew her did their duty well and cheerfully in remarkable.

Her father, a poor farmer, died when she was fifteen years old, leaving his wife and two children in worse than poverty—a debt they could. This was a hard matter, as it had required the hard work of three persons to keep the old cabin and the forty pairs of socks, before the old man's death, to enable them to get through the year and give Dannie, who was two years older than Bridget, a schooling. The lad never liked farming; so, full of determination—which is one half of success—he walked boldly into Dublin one day, and never reported his importance until he got obtained a situation, where he could earn his living, before writing a single line for his mother every week. Bridget, too, was ambitious, and said to her mother—"I'll go to America and send you plenty of money." And she did.

What a happy day it was when the old ship, of one of the Liverpool lines, came up the Bay and landed them—as every Irish emigrant does at Castle Gardon.

Now, Bridget had a cousin—(you know they always have, and cannot help it)—a young married woman in New York, to whom she found her way. But, alas, the snug little home she expected to find was not there. The miserable garret of a drunken husband, a broken-down wife and two helpless children. But Bridget was not disheartened, though her first bed in America was a hard one, and upon a garret floor. She found employment easily, and worked with her hopeful words and happy disposition.

When she had saved the $1.10, and—about $1.50—which seemed an enormous sum to her inexperienced eyes—Dannie, who had lived with good families, and was a very handsome lad—he was quite a favorite with Mrs. Fitzharry, she purchased and made two calico dresses, and at the end of the week presented herself at an intelligence office, and thought she took her seat with the thirty were many at first to be seeking. She asked; but when to things she wished to get, were her ridicule and her honest questions to her employer, to her course made she be engaged that if could dery, and modestly, if she would never enter as possible to refuse a single. And, in order to do this, she knew she must get a good situation —and keep it.

In the afternoon, as she was wondering why they called it an Intelligence Office, in came with her little "gaity cakes." And she first letter sent "home" contained the happy news. Egnese that Bridget was in the Bay, finally in equal to two-pence-ha'penny, and getting six dollars a month—a fortune to her people.

Two years had passed away. Bridget Murphy still lived in her place, and was the quiet, neat, faithful girl as ever. But one morning, instead of the green chintz dress over her bonnet, she wore a black one—sorrow and grief had come to a young woman's heart. Heaven's decree when all the time she was thinking of her future. Bridget had been sick, half-starved, neglected and absent—what had she done for this? To be sure, she was dirty, like all others, needed a sweet nurse to tend her with such a face—but she was a most certain. Already had he sent little Nora, but four years old, with her fair complexion and golden ringlets, to the fair country for him. Such a fine youngster for girl. And although she was not handsome, she carried the erect head and graceful step of her mother, made the tender blows of him they called "papa."

It was a sad day when Bridget carried the two wondering children to see their mother every day—sometimes twice in the day—and to mourn for her, and cherish them, lay up in the cold, damp ground, and return to the house to a spirit like hers, only stronger—and her's was the spirit that stood alone, for Mrs. Treadwell stood beside her and the little ones through all the long days.

Flaherty had sunk too low to save her any longer—he was unfortunate—for in the six months he died a pauper—of delirium tremens, no one knew.

With the assistance of her friends, Bridget found a good place for little Nora, and "home" was the "home" more of "home" to her.

Two years more passed away. Mrs. Treadwell had the afflictions of the housekeeper, as well as the cares of a family, and Bridget had the administration of all the housekeeping, as well as the nursing of the children, and the neighborhood. What a friend it was to have a glimpse at her sweet face, and always so bright, so orderly and clean. And what was a marvel—she was never angry since the day she left her work; and more than once have I seen her sitting in the sun-light, and reading from a book she was reading.

Mrs. Treadwell's son, and the family were to the country, while Bridget was left in charge of the house. Just the nature of girl this would seem."

Patrick Flannagan was a man, and did things in a manly way. And when the Treadwells returned he presented himself at their house, and asked for his Treadwell. That lady descended to the parlor, where she found a fine, good-looking young man, who stood, but in hand, and said as she entered—

"Is this Mrs. Treadwell?

"It is," answered in the affirmative, he proceeded—

"My name is Flannagan. I did your painting while you were away—"

"Oh, yes, I remember you wish to see, have you the bill?"

"No, madam," answered Patrick, bravely; "I am not her brother; but I should like to be more than a friend."

Mrs. Treadwell dropped into a chair exclaiming—

"Our Bridget!—why she never had a beau in her life. She has been with us for many years, and is the best girl in the world!"

"I know it, madam," answered Patrick, "and I have come to ask your consent to—to—to—

# THE NEW YORK LEDGER

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## SPAIN UNDER THE BARBARIANS.

BY JOHN S. C. ABBOTT.

The history of this world is an awful tragedy. Take what nation you may, and the record of its career is but a narrative of wars, pestilence and woe. The history of Spain is not peculiar in this respect. Under the native tribes, under the Carthaginians, under the Romans, this province was but one wide battle field crimsoned with blood. In the days of our Lord 100, to add to the woes then surging over Spain, there commenced a flood of fierce invasion. Barbaric tribes from the wilds of Germany, fierce as wolves, came pouring down through the and clustering through the defiles of the Pyrenees, ravaged the peninsula with the most savage mercilessness. They trampled down the crops and burned cities and villages. The wretched inhabitants of the doomed country were exposed to every outrage which the imagination can conceive. Many years of years this inundation of woe rolled over Spain almost unchecked.

The wretched Roman empire was at this time distracted by the conflicts of no less than thirty pretenders to the throne, and scarcely regions throughout the then known world, as fragile an earthly power was Spain and these barbarians rolled the tide of their dreadful hail upon the ruins of Roman grandeur. Not a vestige of that had been left behind when was not obliterated by one hundred and fifty years of desolating sweep.

The introduction of Christianity into Spain is lost in the obscurity of the past. It is, however, certain that in the early periods of the second century Christian churches were established in the peninsula and that the names of martyrdom and also have been preserved. The martyrdom of Fructosus, bishop of the church of Tarragona, and of Augurius, of Tallarus, is well authenticated. The emperor issued a decree, commanding the Christians to worship the gods, or sacrifice to the Roman gods. Fructosus paid no regard to the decree, and was accordingly arrested, dragged before Emilianus, then the Roman governor of Spain.

"Art thou acquainted," inquired Emilianus, "with the decree of the emperor?"

"I am," replied the undaunted Fructosus.

"That thou must sacrifice to the Gods of Rome," was the answer.

"I adore one God only," Fructosus replied, "the Heavenly Father, who made all the heavens and earth."

"Art thou ignorant, then, that there are many Gods?" responded the governor.

"I am," was the meek reply of the bishop.

The soldiers were commanded immediately to seize him, and he was thrown into a foul and loathsome dungeon. He was seated upon a vast combustible pile, which was then ignited, and into flame as the touch of the torch. Looking around upon the burning pile, he said, with a smile,

"My brethren, fear not that you will ever want for support. God will sustain you. Woes not for me. These pangs will soon be over, and I shall enjoy the joyful realms to which martyrdom conducts me."

As the flame ascended around him, consuming the cords with which he was bound, he kneeled and prayed for the departing spirits of his brethren as if in his own closet, and with clasped hands and trembling voice commended himself to his Heavenly Father.

During the reign of Decius Emperor Diocletian the fiercest persecution blazed throughout the whole Roman empire. Christianity had become powerful together. The governor of Spain, Dacian, was ordered to enforce the edicts of the emperor, and executing them one by one, caused a decree that if the Christians would sacrifice to the gods and meet at an appointed place outside of the walls, they would receive the honor of the governor, a great multitude of Christians came forward to apostatize from the faith. He then treacherously fell upon them, with the sword in unbounded and every individual was massacred.

In consequence of the desolations of the Roman empire, the northern barbarians became more bold in their assaults, and were after wave of invasion rolled over the provinces of southern Europe. In each of the successive hordes barbaric tribes established themselves permanently under their bold and ingenious chieftains. During the whole of the fifth century Spain was the battle ground, where the sovereignties of the earth met and struggled for the supremacy. In the early part of the century three Germanic nations—the Suevi, the Alans and the Vandals—came rushing over the Pyrenees, and, after perpetrating every imaginable enormity upon the native inhabitants, took possession of the country and divided it between them.

But soon there came another barbaric nation from the North—the Goths—more powerful than the three tribes united which had preceded them. They commenced a desperate struggle to wrest Spain from its conquerors, and in no unprovable it to themselves. Many campaigns of blood and woe ensued, with contemptible, meaningless battles and sieges, which could not have been exceeded had the combatants been demons instead of men. As the progress of this war the nation of the Alans were annihilated. Still another was united, with occasional lulls, the Goths gradually gaining ground, and compelling the Vandals abandoned the country, and crossed the straits into Africa. A fierce and cruel beauty of blood seals, sweeping terror before them and destruction behind them, advanced along a path such as the tornado makes.

The Suevi and the Goths were now left alone in Spain to struggle for the supremacy. It is true that there were often slight fluctuations still of Roman power in provinces of the peninsula, but so slight as scarcely to deserve notice. In a series of campaigning, extending through ten years, the Suevi gradually attained the ascendency. But the Goths were not long in recovering from their triumph. Another continental fury appeared upon the scene. Clovis, as the war cry of the Huns resounded through the land, and the Germanic tribes were roused anew the clamor of battle. Suevi and Goth now presented each other only as foes to be cabin and hit the dust together. But again, in the midst of these scenes of domestic carnage and woe, the banners of another host are seen hurrying to the field. The Franks, leaving for a their home upon the coasts of Calabria, and plunged into the conflict of the fight. A wolves madly struggle over the bones which they have already cleared bare of all their flesh, so did barbarian contend with barbarian over the skeleton remains of miserable Spain. There was no longer a law in the land. Might had become barbaric. Robbery, violence, murder detonated the land from the Pyrenees to Gibraltar's rock.

Amid the war of our Lord 466, Baric, at the head of an immense Gothic force, descended from the Pyrenees, and, after a desperate struggle, succeeded in bringing the whole realm into subjection to his sway. The Suevi were driven from the northwestern portion of the kingdom, where they were permitted to live as vassals to the new race of conquerors. Baric, surrounded by his invincible warriors, was now recognized as the sovereign of the Gothic kingdom there. The emperor, at Rome, Julius Nepos, was glad to make peace with this warlike and triumphant sovereign, by surrendering to him not only Spain but the whole country beyond the Alps. That France, then called Gaul, and Spain became one Gothic empire, ruled by one king, was more than decaying Rome itself.

Baric established the capital of his empire at Arles in Gaul, on the Rhone, about thirty miles from its mouth. Here the Gothic court soon disappeared from these realms forever. This was the capital of the kingdom for a long period and consolidated in Spain. All the remnants of the various tribes which had overrun the country were gradually blended with the native inhabitants into a homogeneous people, which appears to have been a man of much intelligence, and vigorously to commence the work of restoring his vast realms to order. He established the Roman code of laws, still known as the Fuenos Judicum. He was nominally a Christian, but he discarded the Catholic doctrine respecting the character of Christ, and heretically considered him as an Arian, or a Trinitarian faith. Baric died at Arles in the year 481, and his son Alaric was called to the war-worn chieftains to succeed him upon the throne.

Alaric was crowned at Toulouse. Upon the death of his father he found himself surrounded by warlike chieftains. Alaric was small and his person was feeble. He was also a child in years, only fifteen years old. Gundebald, one of these chieftains, was the most powerful of the nobles. He was a man of great energy of character, and was the real sovereign of the realm, while the child-king, with his brave legions, swept like a whirlwind over the land, conquering and conquering, war-crested pennants, again beneath his Italian province.

### WOMEN'S WORK.

Plans for bettering the social condition of women are as plenty as blackberries just before a political revolution, or the days of fulfilment. Every few days reformers, some of them eloquent speakers, and all of them zealous, are added by a dozen or so of amiable enthusiasts of the other sex to the number of those who in many years to do away with the existing social arrangements of the world, and to make the world entirely independent of the strongest. If they have not succeeded, it is because they have set against them. Women, in the aggregate, do not like to be taken out of their own proper sphere. The strong-minded sisters who confine themselves to the task of creating a public-mind from a state of dependence, are exceptions to the general character of the mothers and daughters of the land. The majority do not wish to be rescued; but, on the contrary, they would struggle to believe that woman's natural and most honorable and enviable position is dependent upon her for his home comforts and the judicious management of his affairs, for the wants of a family, the result is that many weak-minded young women look to the day when they shall themselves for wives and mothers than for self-independence.

With strong-minded, man-despising ladies the case is different. Every public effort should be afforded them to become the architects of their own fortunes. Let them become lecturers, and to reach a position where the moral grandeur of their minds may display itself in teaching to the masculine monster at arms-length, without prejudice to their personal appearance. Let writing, telegraphing, taping and acting good, book-keeping type-setting, and all such like, open to them, unless as family accomplishments, we respectfully counsel all such females to desist from attempting to get compelled to enter the business arena for a living. We are tired with making themselves perfect in the household arts, and have the busy world for the sphere of their labors. The art of cookery, of "dress" carpetting, or keep books, or any pretty fancy employs that is to accord the dignity of a gentlewoman to attend to such matters, we would whisper in her ear that the Misses Guelph of England have each their kitchen, where they practice cooking and confectionary in all their various branches; that they bake their cakes butter, and make cheese; that their mother, Victoria Guelph, herself has killed the goose, was, up to the time of her husband's death, her own housekeeper, and daily visits the busy bee-hive, kitchen, pastry, confectionary and still room, whenever disporting at Windsor Castle.

### NEW YORK CROWDED.

If the cities of the City of New York could be taken dug the increase in its population would be very small astonish many of us. Hither, as to the great centre of trade and speculation, have flocked during the last six months a multitude of people from all points of the country. The figures from the South since the commencement of the present year has been enormous, and New York has been the principal seat of the figurines. As rain down a stalactite, so thousands of the southern refugees have trickled down the sides of Mr. Davis, gathering up the wreck of their property, have fled from the wrath to come, and have found a welcome among us. Some, caterpillar at least, friends of the Union. From this class of the first named we have had where the attention for escape are greater than the rest. On the other hand, the exodus has been tremendous. The wholesale system of confiscation and sequestration introduced by the rebel government, and which is being carried out by it on a scale of almost an universal suspension, the writ of habeas Corpus, in the midst of civil war, and urgent necessity, ensure that portion of the southern community that is disposed to be disloyal to the cause of Justice to the arm of Uncle Sam. The rebel subscription of one hundred millions of dollars, and citizens from breaking out of bounds, but in the main the rebellion has been a success, and the result of these has been to drive many thousands of the non-combatants from their native soil

## TO ALBERT.

BY ELIZA ALICE BROWNE.

In the kingly halls of my palace of dreams
I will build crowned and sceptred thrones,
And hear the waves of the passionate world
Dash against my stones;
And as in the sea-halls fathoms of Night,
Within a somewhat cold and moan,
Brooding a life and creating a heart
Of living spirits my own;

I sit as my rose-crowned, sceptred dreams,
And the world comes to me
Clouds on the threshold and gaze to come in
With his glory and pride—in vain!
Cries for the love that is not in him,
And I sit in a peace of pain.
While the nerveless hand fall out of my hand,
As the world to wander and weep
Far from the calmly scented flow,
When he left me with the storm.

But the key-note of love that by me is my life
Understands of the world and by me,
Thy white hand hath found, and its passionate tones
Are the echoes of mine;
Hath at all the shores of my being stirred
With a thrill of delight,
And with tender melody my keyboard given
Form over thee a soft glory of words—when
Thy
Of mighty vibrations out goldenly on,
Till they break on the shores of God!

## SELF-MADE;

OR,

## "OUT OF THE DEPTHS."

BY MRS. E. D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH,

AUTHOR OF "THE HIDDEN HAND," "VIVIA: LOST HERESIES," ETC.

### CHAPTER CXVIII.—CONTINUED.

It is something for a solitary and homeless man, like Brudenell, to discover so suddenly that he has for years been the sole object of a good and beautiful woman's love. And to know that a home so happy and a wife so lovely as his youthful friend Jim Ever pictured, was now waiting to receive him, if he would only come and take possession!

Since that morning Ishmael arose refreshed from a good night's rest; but Mr. Brudenell grew weary, from a sleepless night.

It was to be a busy day with Ishmael, so, after a hearty breakfast, he took a temporary leave of Mr. Brudenell and set out.

His first visit was to the chambers of the Messrs. Hudson, Solicitors, Burton street, Fitzcavilla.

Where all parties are agreed, business must be promptly dispatched, or even the law has a proverbial delay. The Earl of Burnsmountain and Judge Merlin were quite agreed in this affair of restitution, and therefore their affortunes were little troubled.

As the reader knows, upon the marriage of the Viscount Viverott and Claudia Hope, there had been no settlements; therefore the whole of the bride's fortune became the absolute property of the bridegroom.

Subsequently, Lord Viverott had died intestate; therefore Claudia as his widow would have been legally entitled to half a portion of that very fortune she herself had bestowed in the marriage at the out-set. Failing to the Viscount's family, or rather to its representative, the Earl of Burnsmountain. It was this legal injustice that the Earl, whether willingly, or unwillingly, made to Lady Viverott all his right, title and interest in the same left by the deceased Lord Viverott. This business he had entrusted to his solicitors, giving them power to act in his name.

And Ishmael, with the concurrence of Judge Merlin, made it his business to see that every thing was done in accordance with the law, for, as that Lady Viverott should not unnecessarily be put to trouble, or any grasping heir that might succeed the Earl of Burnsmountain.

When this arrangement with the Messrs. Hudson was satisfactorily concluded, Ishmael entered a cab and drove to Scotland Yard. He succeeded in obtaining an immediate interview with Inspector Meadows, to whom lands he committed the task of looking up the German Jew, Ikra Isaacs.

Next he went to Broad street, to the agency of a celebrated line of ocean steamers. After looking over their programme of sailings, he advertised to sail and reading the list of passengers booked for each, he found that he could engage berths for his whole party in a fine steamer and that day fortnight—*The Queen of the New York.*

He secured the berths by paying the passage money down and taking tickets at once.

Finally, he returned to the hotel to relieve Jack to his hotel.

He found that Mr. Brudenell had walked out. That did not surprise Ishmael. Mr. Brudenell generally did walk out. Like all solitary, lonely, solitary, and unoccupied men, Mr. Brudenell had formed rambling habits, and had in some degree or so lower in the social scale he must have become classed among the vagrants.

Ishmael sat down in the unoccupied parlor to write to Judge Merlin. He told the Judge of the satisfactory completion of his business with the solicitors of the Earl of Burnsmountain; and next he had the pleasure of informing the restitution of Lady Viverott's property in his and not a farthing; that he could not bear to trust them to the mail, but would bring them in person when he should return to Belleboro', which would be as soon on a little after that he had found could be accomplished. He intimated that Mr. Brudenell would probably accompany him to Scotland. Ishmael embraced the Judge that he had engaged passages for their party in the Ocean Mail Steamer *Queen*, to sail on Saturday, the fifteenth, from Liverpool for New York. He concluded with sending affectionate respects to Lady Viverott and the Countess of Burnsmountain.

Being anxious to catch the afternoon mail at the last moment, Ishmael did not allow the delivery of this letter to the waiters of the hotel, but took it with him and went out to post it himself. By paying the extra penny exacted for late letters he got it in the mail, and then walked back to the hotel.

Mr. Brudenell had returned, and at the moment of Ishmael's entrance he was in animated conversation with the waiter about the theatre.

After dinner that day Ishmael went out to visit the Tower of London, to him the most interesting of all the ancient buildings in that amazing city.

As also he went with Mr. Brudenell to the old Haymarket Lyric Theatre to see Kean in Richard III., and after that last performance he returned to Morley's to suggest not to him.

On descending they found Brudenell in the parlour all in Paris.

The next morning, Ishmael with Mr. Brudenell paid a visit to Westminster Abbey, where the tombs of the ancient kings and warriors engaged their attention nearly the whole day.

It was late in the afternoon when they returned to Morley's, where the first thing Ishmael knew was that a gentleman was waiting for him in the parlor.

Mr. Brudenell went directly to his chamber to change his dress. But Ishmael repaired to the parlor, where he expected to see some one from Scotland Yard.

He found the German Jew sitting there.

"Why, Isaacs? Is this you, Moshy? I am very glad to see you! Mr. Meadows sent you, I suppose?" said Ishmael, advancing and shaking hands with the visitor.

"Mishter Meadows? Who is he? No, Mishter Meadows ish not send me here; no one ish; I come myself. I saw your name in te list of arrivals at dish house, published in dish morning's bapers. And I said—Ish! Ish te name of van dhine shentlemans; and, I'll gid to see him; and here I am," replied the Jew, cordially returning Ishmael's shake of the hand.

"Thank you, Isaacs, for your good opinion of me. Sit down, and tell me how you succeeded as you, to speak to you on a subject that I must broach at once, lest we should be interrupted before we have finished it," said Ishmael, who was deeply impressed with the conviction that the Jew had come upon some business connected with the restoration of Mr. Brudenell.

"Shook ton?" said the Jew, opening himself in the big arm-chair.

"Isaacs, you had a beautiful gentleman of whom you used to speak to me on my voyage; but you never told me her name," said Ishmael, gravely, wishing himself near the point.

"Then I, verily? Vell, her name was Bernice, daughter of Philip Elliot van Sanders's shibbler, and vas very fair to look upon. She vas, till down, a poor broken heart, for Sir Leyton Shew, son of Sir Leyton Shew, her father, who married out an English Jew; very well, very hior, put very much in love with my Marcomas. He married her because she vas fair to look upon and very rich; her father made her marry him because he was a lort; he soon died and left her a widow, not she never married again; she left to country and vas away many years and I have not seen her since. My fair Kwinevere! She had a great wrong done her by me and the Jew, dropping his chin upon his chest and falling into sad and pensive reflection.

"Yes, Isaacs," said Ishmael, rising and laying his hand solemnly on the breast of the Jew, "a great wrong has been done her; a greater wrong than even you can imagine; a very great wrong, but very much in love with my Marcomas. He married her because she was fair to look upon and very rich; her father made her marry him because he was a lort; he soon died and left her a widow, not she never married again; she left to country and was away many years and I have not seen her since. My fair Kwinevere! She had a great wrong done her by me," said

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her, and, speaking in a subdued and gentle voice, said—

"The wish is not wholly unexpected, Lady Hurstmonceux?"

"No, no, Mr. Wersh," she murmured, without removing the shield of her hands.

"Your nonwelcome, I hope?"

"No! oh, no!" she said, dropping her hands now and looking up, pale, and faintly smiling. "You will see him then?" he asked, inquiringly, speaking, as he had spoken throughout the interview, in a low, gentle tone.

"Presently. Give me a little time. Oh! I have waited for him so long, Ishmael!" she said, with an involuntary burst of confidence. But then every one, even the most reserved, confided to Ishmael Wersh.

"I have waited for him so long! so long!" she repeated.

"He has come at last, dearest lady; come to decree his life to you, if you will accept the offering," Ishmael answered, bending over her, deferentially.

"Oh, Mr. Wersh, I am sure that I owe this happiness to you!" the woman exclaimed, forcefully, clasping his hand and holding it while she repeated—"Ishmael—the proudest moment for they shall be called the children of God."

Slowly and reverently Ishmael bowed his head at the hearing of these words.

"Where is Mr. Worth?" she abruptly breathed Bernice.

"In the carriage outside, awaiting your pleasure."

"Bring him to me then," she said, pressing his hand warmly before she relinquished it.

Ishmael returned that pressure," and then went out to speak to the waiting man.

"Come in, sir; I do invites you," he said.

Herman Brudenell started, for he knew the flags and entered with Ishmael. He threw his eyes around upon the room, and then upon the surrounded him. Was all this really to be his own? the gift of that sweet woman who loved he could scarcely believe it.

Ishmael led him through the hall and up the stairs to the library.

"She is in there alone," he whispered.

"Go in with me, Ishmael," whispered the other.

But Ishmael shook his head, and opened the door, announced—

"Mr. Brudenell, Lady Hurstmonceux," and shut it and retired.

Herman Brudenell found himself alone in the library with his long neglected wife.

He was sitting in the same chair, where Ishmael had left her. She arose to meet her visitor; then ordered him, coldly, kindly pale and cold as ice. Her color, overcome by her emotions, went back in so striking a contrast with her hands as to lend them a look of invitation, in entirety.

Slowly and deferentially he approached this woman, so holy in her immortal love. And dropping on the knee before her chair, he bent his head and murmured in a broken voice—

"Bernice—Bernice—can you forgive me for these long, long years of cruel injustice?"

"Oh, none can! I have nothing to forgiving as best! I am so glad, so glad to see you!" sighed, drawing his head down upon her bosom, dropping her face caressingly upon it and burning into tears.

A few minutes passed and he was sitting by her side, with her hand clasped in his, telling her the story of the sinful and sorrowful past, and inquiring for forgiveness.

Would she forgive him?

Bernice! Bernice was one of those women whom the wisdom of this world can never understand; one of those women who love purely and passionately; who love but once and love forever. She loved Herman Brudenell still.

In saying this I answer all questions. She would not understand that she had anything to forgive; she was glad to give him herself and all that she possessed; she was glad to have him back again to love and to cherish and had done so, from the moment of her separation from him, to the hour she was happy.

Afterward, when the excitement of joy had both recovered from the agitation of the meeting, the Brudenells began to talk and inquire.

"Who is Ishmael Worth? Was is this young man, so stately, so grave, so noble in appearance, yet so meek? who walks among other men as a young king among his subjects, and who is their leader?" she asked.

"He is my friend," said Herman Brudenell, proudly but shyly; "my son, the child of that unfortunate marriage—unfortunate when I supposed that you were lost to me! lost to me in every way, my Bernice! The marriage of which I have already told you. Do you forgive me, for him, also, Bernice?"

"I certainly can you do him! for he is a son to be very proud of. I glory in him! for he is now my son also!" said the generous woman, fervently.

Herman Brudenell raised her hand and pressed it to his lips.

"Oh, Herman, I knew it! I knew it twenty years ago, when I went to the Hill Rest and begged the babe to bring up as my own child!"

"You did! Bernice! how divinely good you are!"

"Good—Why I only sought my own comfort in the babe. You would be with me all the time, and your child was the best consolation I could have had. Besides, I knew that no other woman would ever love me here him! would not even let any help him; since I was to be yours, and cannot tamed me out of doors."

"That we are like Samson!"

"And now at last he is mine! my gifted son! how I shall rejoice in him!"

"He is yours, Bernice, as far as the most profound reverence and love can make him yours. But Ishmael will never consent to be publicly acknowledged by me," said Herman Brudenell, worryingly.

"But why?" inquired the Countess in astonishment.

"For his mother's sake. Ishmael cherishes the most romantic devotion for his dead mother, and I think also for all mortal women, for her sake. At least he would not hear of it and will ever bear it, that whatever fame he may win in the world must be identified with it. He has vowed, with the blessing of Heaven, to make the name of his mother illustrious and he will do so."

"A chivalrous devotion, truly; and how beautiful it is! He is already, though so young, a distinguished member of the bar, I understand I hear. How did he get his education and his profession? I am curious to know when I return to his childhood, as tramping the country with the old soldier man—that's Ishmael's profession who attends him as his servant now? You found him and educated him, I suppose, Herman?"

A fervent blush arose to Mr. Brudenell's brow, displacing its habitual paleness.

"No, Bernice, it is not to me, but to any human being does Ishmael owe education or profession; to God only and to no other man. Never was a boy born in this world under more adverse circumstances than he. In his utter destitution reveals me (I speak it with the deepest reverence of God) either bird in the manger or Bethlehem. He was born in a struggle for life very breath of life; his childhood for bread; his youth for education; and nobly, nobly has he sustained his struggle and gloriously has he succeeded. We are yet in our prime, my dear Bernice, and I feel sure that if we live out the three score years and ten allotted as the term of human life, we shall see Ishmael at the zenith of human greatness."

He started away had Mr. Brudenell been in making this tribute to Ishmael that he had forgotten to explain the circumstances that would have exonerated him from the suspicion of having culpably neglected his child. The Countess brought him back to his recollection by saying:

"But I am sure you must have made ample provision for this boy; how was it then that his never dertreat any benefit from it? How was it that he was left from the hour of his birth to suffer the cruelest privations, until the age of seven years, when he began to support himself, and to help to support his aged?"

"You are right, Bernice; I made a provision for him; but I left the country, and he never had the good of it. I will explain how that was by and by; but I believe the best of it was providential. I believe we are bidden from the first that Ishmael should owe no man anything for life, or for work, or service or profession; but all to God and God's blessing on his own efforts. He is self-made. I know no other man in history to whom the term can be so perfectly well applied."

"Will you tell me all you know of his early struggles? I am so interested in the strange son of yours," said Bernice, who, while admiring Ishmael herself, saw also that he was the theme above all others that Mr. Brudenell loved to dwell upon.

Herman Brudenell told the story of Ishmael's heroic young life, as he had gathered it from many sources.

And Bernice listened in admiration, in wonder and sometimes in tears.

And what was the plain story of a poor boy who struggled up out of the depths of poverty, disease and obscurity, unaccompanied by any distinction; a story that may be repeated again in the history of many a successful man in the United States.

After a little while, given to meditation on what she had heard, Bernice, with her hand still clasped in that of Herman Brudenell, looked up at him, and said—

"Your mother and sisters?"

"Are dead," Herman Brudenell shook himself.

"Ah, Bernice, I shall have to tell you now of a family self-murder, of which I was the self-made."

And then he told the grievous story of the decadence of the Brudenell ladies, out of course forgetting the sad interview with Ishmael in Cornell with the profligate Captain Dugald.

While Bernice, with a woman's deep love for female mistakes and misfortunes, a feeling that opened the door, and well finally pale and cold as ice.

"My lady, dinner is served."

Has Judge Worth and his lady Vincent returned from their drive?" inquired the countess.

"Yes, my lady; Mr. Judge and Miss Vincent are in the drawing-room with Mr. Worth."

Mr. Brudenell, will you give me your arm?" said the Countess, rising.

Herman Brudenell bowed and complied. And they left the library and went down to the little drawing-room.

As they entered they saw Judge Merlin, Ishmael and Claudia standing, grouped in conversation, near the fire.

The situation of this long severed and seemingly re-united pair was peculiarly trying and harrassing, especially to the lady; and to almost any lady would have been very much overwhelming. But Bernice was a refined, cultivated and dignified woman of the world, and a woman never loses her self-possession; she has always presence of mind, whatever difficulties she may be in. But for the bright light in her eyes, and the flush on her cheek, and the flush on her habitually pale cheeks, there was no difference in her appearance as she walked lightly resting on Mr. Brudenell's arm, she advanced towards the group.

Claudia turned to meet the daughter in law, together, for Ishmael Worth had introduced them all for the new addition to the family circle.

Lady Vincent—before you have blood—
Lady Vincent—before you have blood—
Lady Vincent—before you have blood—

Ishmael Worth had introduced them all for the new addition to the family circle.

But the girl had retained his hand, and took one that of the Countess, and with a look expressing to his aged eyes, he said:

"Dear Brudenell, my dearest lady, I sympathize with you in this re-union with all my heart! May you be very happy! I wish you so!" and pressing both their hands, he relinquished them.

Mr. Brudenell and the Countess simultaneously bowed in silent acknowledgment of this congratulation.

Claudia involuntarily looked up to the man's face that expressed nothing but betraying the yearning anguish of a famishing heart, and his lips more compressed than ever in the effort of mental compassion. Why did Claudia look at him? Ah! because she was thinking of him. What was she dreaming of? Perhaps of another possible re-union, when Ishmael should ask her for all the world past, and bless her in all the happy future?

A moment more, and the waiting guests consenting the dinner-room where covers open.

"Mr. Brudenell, will you take Lady Vincent in to dinner?" said the Countess, with a smile, as she herself gave her hand to Ishmael.

And thus they passed into the dining-room.

But for the sudden and unexpected arrival of the guests, the dinner was a pleasant one. And the re-union in the drawing-room that evening was calmly happy.

CHAPTER CXX.

HOW AGAIN!

Home again! home again!
From a foreign shore!
And oh, I felt my heart with joy
To meet my own once more!
Home again! home again!
From a foreign shore!
And oh, I felt my heart with joy
To meet my own once more!

C. P. Cox, Sig.

It had been decided in consultation between Judge Merlin and Ishmael that under existing circumstances, it would be best for the latter party to shorten their visit to Cameron Court, and leave the young people to enjoy the full enjoyment of their own exclusive company.

And accordingly, while they were all seated at luncheon the next day, Wednesday, Judge Merlin announced his intention to depart that morning.

This announcement was met by a storm of hospitable expostulation. Both the Countess and Mr. Brudenell entreated a longer and more departure of their visitors, and urged their prolonged stay.

But to all this friendly solicitation, the Judge replied:

"My dear Countess, painful, as it will be to us all to leave Cameron Court, there are imperative reasons for our doing so. It is only that we have engaged our passages on the steamer that sails on the fifteenth of this month of February, but that unless we really do set on that day, we shall not have sufficient time to cross the ocean and get into port, before the stormy months of March sets in."

"But there is no Wednesday. The Columbus does not sail until Saturday after next. You might stay with us a week longer and then have abundant time to run down to Liverpool and sail from there," exclaimed both of the Countesses.

"Thank you, dear lady; but the truth is I have to see my daughter Lucia before we sail," replied the Judge.

"Ah!" said the Countess, smiling, "that you can sail weary of Cameron Court! Well, I will not longer oppose your departure. Very early in life, I learned the two-fold duty of hospitality; to greet the coming, speed the parting guest."

"Ah, Countess, we are not weary of Cameron Court! On the contrary we are attached to it, and cannot tear ourselves away. We been happy here than we could have been anywhere else. And we shall take leave of you, reluctantly, with deepest regret—and only in obedience to the sacred feeling you somewhat in advance," said the Judge, gravely.

Ishmael Worth, who had listened in silence, now arose and bowed and smiled, and did not in any other manner reply.

"Ah, Judge, and Ishmael! you will come out to see us sometime, will you not?" urged Claudia.

The Countess looked towards her husband with a look of deference which the wife always gives to husband, and said:

"That day Herman wrote to Ben, announcing the return of himself and his party.

And Judge Merlin wrote to his manager, Benjamin Franklin Bowles, to have Mary Hollywood prepared for the reception of himself and daughter of a family self-murder.

Early on Tuesday morning, our party took their places in the train for New York, leaving Cameron Court set out in one of the Countess's carriages for the Hill Rest, and Ben's cottage, which the reached in time to catch the train for New York also.

A twelve hours flight southward brought them to New York, and to the Astor House, where they on into the King's Cross Station, where Ben took a cab to Mary Hollywood in the Strand, were they arrived about eleven o'clock.

They engaged a suit of apartments and dined together at the hotel.

A very brief space must describe their life in London, which must have been joyful.

It was Thursday night when they arrived. The Countess had left early in the day, after taking the whole day for the study of that ancient fortress and its awful memories, and gone to Drury Lane, to see Kean in Richelieu.

Herman Brudenell they went to Westminster Abbey. And in the evening to Covent Garden.

On Sunday they attended divine service at St. Paul's, and in the afternoon, they went to spend the evening with Judge Merlin, at his residence in Parliament. And in the evening they went to Covent Garden.

On Tuesday they went over the old prison of the Tower, and in the afternoon attended a learned philosophical lecture at Exeter Hall.

On Wednesday they went down to Windsor Castle, Park and Forest.

On Thursday they went to the British Museum, and in the evening to Drury Lane, to see Kean in Richelieu.

On Friday morning they went to Westminster Abbey. And in the evening to Covent Garden.

On Sunday they attended divine service at St. Paul's, and in the afternoon, they went to spend the evening with Judge Merlin, at his residence in Parliament. And in the evening they went to Covent Garden.

On Tuesday they went over the old prison of the Tower, and in the afternoon attended a learned philosophical lecture at Exeter Hall.

On Wednesday they went down to Windsor Castle, Park and Forest.

On Thursday they went to the British Museum, and in the evening to Drury Lane, to see Kean in Richelieu.

On Friday morning they were in shopping and other preparations for their homeward journey, and in the afternoon on important purchases, did not [illegible] his dolls for little Molly, and a set of [illegible] for Ishmael's friend, John Johnny. They passed this last evening of their sojourning here at home.

On Friday morning they left London for Liverpool, and at eight o'clock at night

They put up at the "Adelphi," the hotel before which Ishmael had parted from Claudia the evening of the same day, they can safely suppose that they were having the [illegible] on their homeward-bound steamer, and sailed down the river.

The evening of the fourth found Ben not yet arrived, and was waiting in the office of the Custom-House, where he had left the "Ledger" at the service of his party; and the latter, as they arrived, were conducted by Judge Gabriel to a room where all things ready to receive the returning voyagers.

Ben's cab was also waited in the city, and then on Friday morning they left Liverpool, and arrived in London by Tanglewood—namely, by railroad as far as Baltimore, and then by stage-coach to Tanglewood.

Our whole party landed at Shelton on Saturday morning.

The Judge dispatched a messenger on horseback to Tanglewood, to the Tanglewood, to order Reuben Gray to have the fires kindled and everything ready against their arrival.

And then, after some little search—for the party had become rather scattered—they found a carriage for the Judge and his company, and started on the seventeen miles journey.

It was nine o'clock when they reached Tanglewood.

Hannah and Reuben were standing out under the starlight, listening for the sound of wheels, and they had formed a [illegible] as the carriage.

"Oh, welcome! welcome home, sir! Thank God you've come back once again!" exclaimed Reuben Gray, as he opened the door for Judge Merlin, and gave his hand.

"Thank you! Thank you, Gray! I'm happy to be home again!" replied the Judge.

"Oh, my boy! my boy! Oh, my boy! my boy!" cried Hannah. "Do I really see you and have the power to speak to you again? Thank Heaven! Oh! Master Ishmael, my own child! my own child! a pain of a mother, as she threw her arms around Ishmael's neck, and kissed him over and over again.

"God bless you, dear Aunt Hannah! I am very glad indeed to see you again! How are the little ones?"

"Oh, as well as possible, dear!"

"Speak to Lady Vincent," whispered Ishmael.

"Lady Vincent! I am very glad to see you once more; not sorry to see you in such deep affliction, dear Hannah, respectfully.

Judge Merlin then hurried the whole party out of the damp winter air into the house.

Here they found all things ready for them, the fires kindled, the rooms aired, the table set in the comfortable parlor, and the supper ready to be dished.

They took time only to make a very slight toilet in their well-warmed chambers, and then they went down to supper. The Judge insisted that Hannah and Reuben should join them on this occasion and remain their guests for the evening.

And what a happy evening it was! After all was very wanderings, perils and sorrows in foreign lands, how delightful to be once more in their dear native country, gathered together safely under one beloved roof, and loving it served by their own affectionate domestics! Ah! one must lose all those blessings before we can truly enjoy them.

After supper they all went into the withdrawing-room and lighted [illegible] around the supper table! How earnest was the [illegible] responded by each heart!

## SPRING IS COMING!

BY CAMILLA TOULMIN.

Spring is coming! joyous spring!
See, the messengers that bring
Tidings, ev'ry heart to cheer,
That her advent bright is here;
See, the many-colour'd train,
Peeping up on glade and plain—
Crocuses, and snow-drops white,
Struggle into sunny light,
And the violet of blue,
And the valley's lily too.
I could dream their fairy bells
Ring a merry chime that tells
Spring is coming!—and when they
Faint, and fade, and fall away,
'Tis, that long by winter nurst,
Their full hearts with joy have burst.

At the tidings that they bring,
"Spring is coming! welcome spring!"
Children we of northern skies,
Most her loveliness do prize—
Most, with longing hearts, we yearn
For her swift and sure return;
We who know the sullen gloom,
When the earth is nature's tomb;
Well may we with heart and voice,
At the sweet spring-tide rejoice!

Dwellers in more genial climes,
Not for you these passing rhymes;
Ye can never understand
The contrasts of our northern land.
Ye are not so great and wise,
Ye have lowlier destinies
Than the children of a zone
Where the wintry blasts are known.
But gaunt famine doth not stride
By the proud and wealthy's side;
There ye see not little feet
Press upon the frozen street,
While the infant's tearful eye
Tells its tale of misery.
When in curtain'd, lighted hall,
What to you that snow-flakes fall?
When beside the blazing log,
What to you is frost or fog?
When on down your limbs ye stretch
Think ye of the homeless wretch?
To *the poor* it is that spring
Doth her richest treasures bring;
And methinks that I do hear
Countless voices, far and near,
Joining in a grateful strain,
"Spring is come at last again!"

# THE SECRET CHAMBER.

BY ELIZA A. DUPUY,

AUTHOR OF "THE OUTLAW'S BRIDE," "THE WHITE TERROR," ETC., ETC.

### CHAPTER XXV.

GERALD'S PROSPECTS BRIGHTEN.

The letter from Vernor was written in a state of excitement bordering on despair, and ran thus:

"AUNT AGNES:—I do not write to you in the hope that you can help me, for that at this juncture is impossible; but Mr. Digby may interest himself in the fate of the son of an old friend so far as to make some efforts to get my wretched sentence reversed when the excitement against Monmouth's followers has subsided.

"Will you believe that I have been outwitted—completely baffled by the wretches with whom I dealt in good faith? I put untold thousands in the power of those harpies, and yet I am to be sent to the colonies in place of being permitted to get away to Holland, as was my expectation.

"[illegible] refused to give me a written guarantee, under the pretext that it was irregular, and in my case would be useless. My escape was to be connived at, but when we gained the sea port from which I expected to embark, I was confined with the other prisoners destined for Jamaica, and coolly told that I had bargained only for my life.

"Yes—I, a gentleman—a man of good family, have been thrust among the common herd, with the assurance that my fate is to be no better than theirs. In short, that I am actually to be *sold* as a slave to some brutal West India planter.

"For a few hours I thought I should have gone mad with the sense of degradation that fell upon me, but I have in some measure recovered the power to think and act. I have found the means to write this information to you, for I know measures will be taken to conceal my wrongs from the few friends I have.

"The bearer of this is a man on whom I once conferred an obligation which he has not forgotten. He pledges himself to deliver it in person, and on his fidelity I must rely, as it is my only chance to communicate with you. Oh! Aunt Agnes, think of my wretched position; use your best efforts to alleviate it, and interest your friend Mr. Digby in my cause. I shall die in that unhealthy climate, exposed to hardships and toils to which I am unused. If I cannot escape through your means, I will commit suicide, and my blood may rest on those who will not use every effort to rescue me.

"Only get permission for me to go free, and I pledge myself never to touch English soil again. Accursed land! that dooms its sons to such a fate as has been awarded me.

"I should have been more wary in my dealings with such unprincipled men, but what could I do? I was utterly in their power, with a shameful death looming before me, and I depended on their honor to keep the pledges made to me. I should have known that Jeffreys does not even understand the meaning of the word.

"Tell Ethel of the strait I am in. Mr. Digby has shown much interest in her, and she must have some influence with him. Let her use it to the utmost to induce him to move in my behalf. If Gerald can help me, I humble myself to ask his aid; anything—anything to get a reversal of this iniquitous sentence.

"I have been pursued even here by a woman and her son, who are my deadly enemies, and I cannot rid myself of the idea that but for their machinations I might have been permitted to escape to the continent. Do you remember the Gipsy fortune-teller who came to the Priory on that May-day years ago? It is she, and I have learned that my father wronged her in her youth, and she visits his sin on me. She has vowed that since her son cannot succeed Sir Hugh as the eldest born, the child of her rival never shall do so. There is nothing now to succeed to, and her enmity might be allayed by the recent disasters that have fallen upon me, but it is not; for she has found means to gain access to me—to taunt me with my evil fortunes, and to assure me that she would have made known even at Whitehall the venal compromise of Jeffreys if I had been permitted to evade the doom awarded to others far less guilty than I am.

"I can write no more; I have, with great difficulty, succeeded in scribbling this almost illegible scrawl, and I must watch my opportunity to deliver it to Panton. I trust that he will be faithful to his promises; and remember that if I do not within three months hear from you something on which to ground a hope of escape, I will take my fate in my own hands, for as a slave to the caprices of another man I will not live.

"VERNOR METHURN."

Mrs. Digby read this effusion with blanching cheeks and quivering lips. She rang and ordered the bearer to be admitted into her presence. In a few moments a rough-looking countryman entered, and she hurriedly asked:

"Did you receive this letter from the hands of Mr. Methurn himself?"

"Yes, mum. When they was a takin' him on the vessel that the pris'ners was to sail in, he managed to drop it as he passed me. I had promised to help him, for Mr. Methurn had once helped me out of a scrape in Amsterdam. I was working in the docks there, and got mixed up in a bad affair. Two English gents took a interest in me because I was a countryman of theirs, and they got a pardon for me from the Princess of Orange. Mr. Methurn was one on 'em, and I never forgot it. When I found him among the poor devils goin' to Jamaky, I was astonished you may be sure. I contrived to get a few words with him, and he asked me if I would bring that letter and give it in your own hands. I would have done it sooner, but I was afeard to come to this place while sich doin's was a goin' on as has been done here lately."

"And my nephew has really been sent to Jamaica? It seems incredible, though I have read his letter."

"He's gone, sure enough, mum; for I saw the vessel sail, and a mis'able unchancy thing she was as ever I laid my eyes on. Ef *she* gits to the eend o' her v'yage safe I'm no judge of water craft. It's my belief they meant to drown the poor cree'ters they didn't dare to hang."

The listener shuddered—she thought it but too probable that such was the ruthless intention of those who had taken the unhappy prisoners in charge. She faintly asked:

"And the name of the vessel? Vernor has omitted that, and we must learn it that we may have some clue to his actual fate."

"The Sally Ann was the name o' the ship, mum. She was a old vessel that haint been considered sea-worthy for more'n a year; but the government chartered it to cross the sea at this stormy season o' the year. It'll be a miracle if she gits to port safe."

Mrs. Digby heard him with a sick feeling of apprehension. Vernor had never shown much affection for her, but she had cherished for him a tender maternal regard, and in spite of his wrong-doings—his lack of consideration for others, she could not hear of this last calamity without the keenest suffering.

At this moment Mr. Digby came in; he bowed to the stranger with an expression of surprise, and asked:

"What has overcome you so much, Agnes? Have you heard any ill news?"

She silently offered him the letter, which he read in evident perturbation. He then questioned Panton and drew from him the substance of what he had already related to his wife. In his heart Mr. Digby believed it would be better for them all if Vernor should be swallowed up in the deep, but he was a humane man, and he checked the thought as it arose. He said:

"I will talk this matter over with you presently, Agnes, and we will see what can be done to help Vernor. Come with me into my library if you please, Mr. Panton."

The two went out together, and when they were alone Mr. Digby questioned the stranger on every point that could afford him a clearer insight into Vernor's actual position. But little more could be elicited, and liberally rewarding him for the service he had performed, he dismissed Panton and returned to consult with his wife.

He possessed little power himself, but he had friends in London who had access to the court, and he did not despair of gaining a commutation of the punishment of the hapless exile. So far as he knew, no other man of good family had been sent to the colonies, and he believed it to be a refinement of cruelty on the part of Jeffreys to have secured the bribe and violated the pledges he had given. He felt that Vernor should have perished sooner than give up men comparatively innocent to be preyed on by the creatures in power, but he could not abandon him to the miserable doom of captivity in an unhealthy climate without using every means in his power to rescue him from it.

He spoke more hopefully to his wife of the results of his efforts than he really felt, and Mrs. Digby wiped away her fast falling tears as his words fell soothingly upon her ear. She said:

"It is now many weeks since that letter was written, poor Vernor is languishing in bondage, and looking for news to cheer him. I must write without delay, and tell him that you will use your utmost efforts to serve him. If he does not hear from us he may do something desperate."

"Write by all means, and I can certainly get your letter sent under cover to the Colonial Secretary, to whom I will write myself. Luckily he is an acquaintance of mine, and he will make some effort to find Vernor out, and see that he gets your letter. You need have no apprehensions on the score of his attempting self-destruction; a man who, like Vernor, has sacrificed honor to retain life will scarcely put that precious possession in jeopardy by his own act."

"Do not speak in that bitter tone," she entreated. "Vernor has done many things to alienate my heart from him; but I have still a tender regard for him, and his evil deeds have been bitterly brought home to him."

"True, my love; and if his present sufferings bring forth the fruits of repentance they will not have been inflicted in vain. For your sake, if not for his own, I will serve Vernor to the utmost extent of my ability. I have no faith in him, for he has more than once been weighed in the balance and found wanting. But we will let that pass. I will endeavor to gain his pardon on the condition that he remains forever an exile, for I never wish to see his face again. It will be best to keep his present situation from Ethel; the poor child would grieve herself ill over the misfortunes of the wretched scapegrace who has already done her such irreparable injury."

"Yes," assented Mrs. Digby. "Ethel need know nothing of it till Vernor is released. It will be best to keep it to ourselves."

"I must consult with Gerald. Mr. Clyde may be able to aid us; he has an extensive business connexion among the nobility, and he would help any one bearing the name of Methurn."

"Of course Gerald must be taken into our councils. He will write to Mr. Clyde with alacrity. Vernor speaks of humbling himself to ask his aid; but I do not know why he should regard it in that light. My son will gladly serve him."

"Can you not comprehend that the integrity and self-respect that Gerald has shown in his career have been a tacit reproach to his kinsman? It is not likely that Vernor has any other feeling toward him than a sore sense of inferiority, which does not usually beget affection. If Gerald had been the heir of the house, the name of Methurn would not now be tainted with outlawry; its honor stained by the conduct of its present head. Forgive me, Agnes, for speaking thus of one you still regard with affection; but Vernor's conduct has entirely forfeited my respect. Gerald will yet restore the old family to its ancient prestige, and, if Vernor were out of the way, I should not despair of seeing him at some future day the lord of the Priory, with the title and estates of his uncle restored to him."

"I have no wish for my son to displace his cousin, nor can I see how he can ever recover the estate that has been forfeited."

"There are more ways than one to accomplish that, and I have a plan in my mind to bring about that result."

She looked at him with surprise, and he went on:

"For many years I have lived quietly in this place, because Alice had the advantages of a good school without being separated from me. My income is good, and I have laid up a considerable sum of money from it. After settling the fine levied on me, I find that I still have enough left to prevent the Priory from falling into the hands of strangers. It was bestowed on a needy courtier, who is in want of ready money, and I am already in treaty for its purchase. I shall get a good bargain, from which Gerald may in the future be the gainer."

Mrs. Digby clasped his hand and carried it to her lips.

"Ever good—ever thoughtful for others, how shall I thank you for this most unexpected kindness?"

"Pooh! it is not much to thank me for, my dear. I do not propose to give the property to Gerald. He must work and save, and when he is rich enough he shall pay me back what I gave for it. In the meantime, the income I shall derive from the estate will pay me a handsome interest."

"The service will be none the less for that. If Gerald can regain his family inheritance by his own efforts, I shall feel prouder of it than if it had become his by descent."

"He will do it, Agnes. Gerald works industriously—he has will and intelligence, and we shall yet see him mount higher than any of his name have done before."

"How happy I am that you appreciate my boy so highly. The approbation of such a man as you are is worth gaining."

"I am glad you think so, Mrs. Digby; but if you flatter me much more I shall be in danger of becoming conceited. Here come the girls; brighten up your tell-tale face, my love, and do not let them suspect the new cause of uneasiness Vernor has given us."

Ethel and Alice came in from a morning walk, the latter as blooming as before her illness, and after pausing a few moments to listen to their lively chatter, Mr. Digby departed to seek Gerald and consult with him as to the steps to be taken to rescue Vernor from his unpleasant state of durance.

He carried the letter with him, and, after perusing it, the two gentlemen earnestly discussed the chances of success in such an undertaking. Gerald saw all the difficulties in the way, but they did not deter him from using his utmost efforts to serve his cousin. He wrote to Mr. Clyde without delay, and appealed to him to aid the nephew of his old friend in this sad crisis of his fate.

Mr. Clyde knew little of Vernor's past career; he was filled with sympathy for a young man of good family on whom such a calamity had fallen, and he replied to Gerald immediately, assuring him that he would use such influence as he possessed in Vernor's behalf. Through some of his noble clients he hoped soon to be able to reach the ear of the King.

The letter of Mrs. Digby was dispatched to Jamaica by her husband under cover to the Colonial Secretary, and then there was a dreary interval of suspense as to the result of their efforts. Mr. Digby had also applied to the friends of whom he had spoken, and in reply they promised to make an effort in the exile's behalf when the resentment against Monmouth's followers had sufficiently subsided to afford a chance of success to such an application.

The season was unusually stormy, and many nights Mrs. Digby lay awake listening to the wind that wailed around the house, fancying that in every gust she heard the dying shrieks of the unhappy Vernor. Newspapers were then scarcely known; an insignificant sheet called the *News Letter* was issued weekly in London, which came regularly to Mr. Digby. On its arrival, the shipping intelligence was eagerly scanned for some notice of the arrival of the Sally Ann at her place of destination.

One morning the family were assembled around the breakfast table when the mail was brought in. Both Mr. Digby and his wife had letters to read which occupied their attention, and Ethel took up the small dingy square of paper and glanced over it. Suddenly she exclaimed:

"Oh, this is too dre[illegible]!"

Mrs. Digby laid d[illegible] letter, and became slightly pale.

"What have you the[illegible], my dear, that moves you so much?" she aske[illegible].

"Oh, aunty, those po[illegible] creatures that were sent to the colonies have been shipwrecked, and the whole of them lost."

"What was the name of the vessel?" asked Mr. Digby, seeing that his wife was incapable of speaking.

"The Sally Ann."

Mrs. Digby uttered a cry, and covered her face with her hands. Ethel could not account for her emotion, and she looked up bewildered.

"What is it, aunty, why should you be so much distressed?"

"Oh, child—child—don't ask me now. Read—read—I must hear what is told of this sad disaster."

With faltering voice, for, by some electric chain of sympathy, Mrs. Digby's agitation had communicated itself to her, Ethel read the following paragraph:

"The ship Sally Ann, on which so many of the political prisoners sent into exile were embarked, has gone down almost in sight of port, carrying with her every soul on board, except her officers, who managed to escape in the long boat. We do not intend to say that these men were undeserving of the hard fate to which they were condemned, but we do say that a most shameful and culpable act has been committed by those in authority.

The vessel chartered for this purpose was notoriously unseaworthy, and the shipwreck so near the coast of Jamaica, the escape of the officers alone, give rise to the most unpleasant suspicions that foul play was intended from the first. In God's name, if the offenders against the tranquility of the country deserved death, let them bear the penalty as human beings, but not to be battened down in a foul hold, where disease and death held their revels during a long and stormy voyage, to be sent into the depths of the ocean nearly at its close.

It is heart-sickening to think of this great wrong as the finale to the dismal tragedy that has been enacted in our country during the last four months."

"The writer of that is a bold man, and may esteem himself happy if he escapes the vengeance of the government for speaking so plainly," said Mr. Digby, in the hope that Ethel's attention would be drawn from the uncontrolable emotion of his wife. She was weeping convulsively, and the young girl fixed her eyes upon her with a frightened and perplexed expression. Suddenly she arose, approached her aunt, and with pale lips faltered:

"I see it all now. Vernor was among those men. He was not permitted to escape to Holland. Oh, aunty, this is a terrible blow! poor—poor Vernor! would that I could have saved him."

Mrs. Digby clasped her in her arms, and together they wept over the fate of the hapless young man.

Mr. Digby re-read the paragraph, and said in a tone he vainly endeavored to render hopeful:

"Don't give up at once. Vernor may have escaped, for I scarcely think they would confine him with the humblest class of prisoners. I know he is a strong swimmer, and as the vessel was near the coast, there may have been a chance for him to save his life. But even if he failed to do so, that fate is infinitely better than to be sold as a slave to some man who might have treated him badly. My dear Ethel, do not weep so violently; you must control your feelings, or you will make yourself ill."

Ethel struggled to recover calmness, but the many shocks she had lately endured at last told upon her delicate frame, and in a few hours she was prostrated by severe illness, which confined her for many weeks to her couch.

In her turn, Alice watched beside her, and when she had sufficiently recovered to listen with interest, Gerald spent every hour he could spare from his business in reading aloud to her as had been his habit in earlier days.

Every effort was made to discover if Vernor had actually perished in the shipwreck of the Sally Ann, and before the winter passed away confirmation came that he was among those left on board the ship; she had struck upon a ledge of rocks, in a few moments went to pieces, and so far as was known, not a soul among the prisoners had escaped.

Insensibly the sad memories connected with Vernor faded from the mind of the young sufferer as time passed on, and once more Ethel walked the earth with a sense of freedom that was delightful to her. She reproached herself with this feeling, but the glad consciousness that no bar remained between herself and Gerald would make itself felt, and a new spring of happiness awoke in her severely tried heart.

The shade of sadness which had often been seen on Gerald's brow passed away, and he gave himself up to the delightful thought that by the time Ethel was old enough to become his wife he would be in a position to claim her as his own.

No word of love passed between them, for she was yet too young to be bound by any pledges, but as the years went on those two kindred souls were knit together by bonds strong as death, lasting as eternity.

No communication came from Vernor, and finally the family settled in the belief that he had shared the fate of his companions in exile. The legal proceedings which had been contemplated were laid aside, as it was considered useless to pursue them when Ethel was already released from her bonds by Vernor's death.

The Priory had passed into the possession of Mr. Digby, and he assured Gerald that he only held it in trust for him. So soon as he was able to repay the purchase money, he would restore it to him; in the meantime he set aside a certain portion of the annual income derived from the estate as a portion for Ethel; as he satisfactorily ascertained that a large sum from her inheritance had passed into the possession of Sir Hugh which had been expended in the improvement of the property.

With this bright prospect before him Gerald labored with untiring assiduity in his profession, and won golden opinions from all who knew him. His old friend, Mr. Clyde, threw much business in his hands, for which he was well paid, and his day-dream began to assume a tangible shape.

Ethel was maturing into a lovely and accomplished woman, for she sought to render herself a companion for him in the days to come, not to be a mere toy for the amusement of an idle hour.

The people of England were still in a restless and discontented state, and the tyrannical rule of James I. was slowly maturing the revolution which compelled him to abdicate the throne, and the Prince of Orange was made king under the title of William III.

Both Mr. Digby and his stepson took a warm interest in public affairs; they clearly foresaw what the end must be, and when the final arrangements were made for the landing of William at Torbay, many of the negociations that secretly passed were sent through the agency of Morton & Methurn, and the junior partner of the firm twice visited the Hague, and was privately received by the Prince of Orange.

William graciously promised that on his accession to the throne, as the reward for Gerald's services, the attainder should be removed from the name of Methurn, and the family honors and estate be restored to its present representative.

It was a joyful day for Gerald when the loud-toned bells of Taunton rang out their jubilant peal for the accession of William, and men congratulated each other that the tyranny under which the country had so long groaned was at an end. The blood so ruthlessly shed in the rebellion of Monmouth, was avenged in the downfall of the Stuarts, and James, in his turn, was an exile and a wanderer.

Gerald's claims were not forgotten; and as soon as his government was established on a firm footing, William redeemed the pledges he has made to him. The Priory was purchased of Mr. Digby and presented to him, with permission to assume the title which had been borne by his uncle.

### CHAPTER XXVI.

UNEXPECTED NEWS.

Ethel was now twenty years of age. She was pétite in person, but exquisitely formed, and her sweet face was radiant with health and intelligence. Every obstacle to the union of the lovers was seemingly removed, and Gerald might now express the feelings that had been long understood. He lost no time in doing so, and Ethel became his plighted bride.

"At last you are my own," said Gerald, with love-beaming eyes. "Dearest Ethel, I have toiled for you—waited for you as long as Jacob of old for his beloved Rebecca. Once I thought you were gone from me forever, and I cannot tell you how deeply my life was saddened by the thought that I had lost you; that one who must have made you wretched had snatched you from me."

"Poor Vernor!" she sighed. "His fate was so sad that I forgive him for all the unhappiness he caused us both. I was a little simpleton to be flattered into giving him such power over my fate; but I declare to you, Gerald, that through all that time there was a sore little corner in my heart where all your kindness was shut up, for I was afraid to open it, and look fairly into it, lest any childish love for you should spring out and overshadow that I was in duty bound to cherish for Vernor. Yet he did not take much pains to make me love him, and I now know that he never cared for me."

"No, my darling; charming as you are—precious as you are to my heart—there could be no affinity between you and my unhappy cousin. He has gone to his account, poor fellow! and I will say nothing against him; but if the day had come on which he would have claimed you as his wife—if he had treated you unkindly—I believe I should have attempted to tear you from him by force. I have always felt that I had the best *right* to you; now I am convinced that a higher power designed us for each other, and after severe trial and tribulation it has brought about our union."

"I trust so, Gerald. And may that power watch over us, and enable us to walk in the path He has appointed to us honorably, truly, and religiously."

"Amen!" reverently responded her lover; and they went hand in hand from the shaded garden, in which this interview had taken place, to announce their betrothal to Mr. Digby and his wife.

They found them in the library; and Mr. Digby was opening a letter, sealed with black, which had been just received. He looked up, saw the young pair who came in radiant with happiness, and demanded his blessing on their union. Mrs. Digby was already prepared for the announcement, and she offered her congratulations with tender smiles, and fervently embraced Ethel as her daughter.

"Bless my soul, young people, you have lost no time in settling this affair!" said Mr. Digby, laughing. "Only yesterday came Gerald's promotion to the dignity of the baronetcy and estate, and to-day he has found a mistress for his house."

"The mistress was chosen many years ago, sir; but till now I have had nothing to offer her but my empty hand, which I thought scarcely worthy of acceptance. Ethel consents to share my good fortune, and if you approve, there will be no delay in making her my wife."

"I not only approve, but I give you my warmest wishes for the happiness you both deserve. Let the joy bells ring, and have the wedding over as soon as the settlements can be made, and the bride's outfit prepared. You are a noble fellow, Gerald, and my little Ethel is a pearl of price, I assure you."

Alice came in—a brilliant dark damsel, of stately mien, and noble presence. She warmly offered her congratulations, and Mr. Digby at last remembered the letter he had so long held unopened in his hand. He uttered an exclamation of surprise, and after reading the communication twice, looked seriously at Ethel.

"My dear, this letter concerns you, and the news it contains makes so material a change in your prospects, that I scarcely know if Sir Gerald Methurn, with all his newly acquired dignities, will be a suitable match for you."

Ethel grew pale, then flushed deeply, and her clasp tightened upon the hand Gerald still held in his own.

"I am Gerald's plighted wife, and no change in my prospects shall make me recede from the pledges I have given him. What is it, dear sir? Has another fortune fallen unexpectedly to me?"

"It is even so, Ethel; and more than fortune. You are now the representative of your family honors. Your uncle is dead; he has left no child to inherit his estates, and you are now Baroness Clifton, of Cliffden. This letter is from the family lawyer, and he requests that I will bring you up to London as soon as possible, that steps may be taken to put you in possession of your inheritance."

A bright expression of joy lighted up her face, and turning to her lover, she exclaimed:

"And Gerald, who sought me portionless, and almost dependent, shall have it all. He shall enter parliament, where his talents and eloquence will give him fame and position. Here is my hand, Gerald, and with it I joyfully endow you with all my honors, such as they are. You will make a name beside which that of the proudest Clifton shall sink into insignificance."

"Thank you, my generous love," he tenderly replied, as he pressed her hand to his lips. "But I am glad this did not happen a few weeks earlier, for then I should have hesitated to ask a lady so richly dowered to become my bride. Now we have looked into each other's hearts, and mere worldly distinctions cannot stand between us."

"As if they could ever have done so! Fie, Gerald! why should you speak thus? Have we not loved each other for years? Have you not always been my best friend? And if this fortune had come as a bar to our union, I would have renounced it."

"Bravo, my child! there speaks the true heart," said Mr. Digby. "But the marriage must be deferred until you are mistress of Cliffden. Then we will have a grand old English wedding, and all your tenants shall drink to the happiness of the bride and groom."

With some annoyance Gerald felt that it must be so. He had hoped to make Ethel his own in a few weeks at farthest, but now he knew that months must elapse before the tedious delays of the law would enable her to establish herself in her new position, and her guardian to have such settlements prepared as her new dignities demanded. But he was too happy to grumble much, especially as it was arranged that the whole party should accompany Ethel to London, and go from there to Cliffden, where the marriage was to be celebrated.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

## MATHEWS AND THE IRISH BEGGAR.

Mr. Mathews had a great dislike to carry money about him, and this often exposed him to trifling annoyances. On one occasion, while in Wales, on arriving at Briton Ferry on horseback, having ridden on in advance of his friends, he was obliged to wait their arrival, not having a single shilling to pay the ferryman:—"Just at this moment an Irish beggar, in the most miserable plight, came up, and poured forth all that lamentable cant of alleged destitution which it is their vocation to impress upon the *tinder*-hearted, and which seldom fails to draw forth sparks of compassion. Mr. Mathews, however, assured the applicant (who declared he was 'making his way back to ould Ireland without bit or sip for days together, and that a halfpenny itself would be a treasure to him') that he had not even a farthing to offer him. It was in vain; the wretched, almost naked creature, still importuned him. At last he was told by him he supplicated, with some impatience at the tiresome and senseles perseverance, after this explanation, that so far from being able to bestow alms, he was himself, at that moment, in a situation to require assistance; actually, cold and damp as it was (November), compelled to remain at the water's edge till some friend came up who would frank him across the ferry. The man's quick bright eye surveyed the speaker with some doubt for a second; but upon a reiteration of Mr. Mathews's assurance that he was detained against his will for want of a shilling, adding, that he was lame and unable to walk home from the other side of the ferry, or otherwise, he might leave his horse behind him as security, the beggar's face brightened up, and he exclaimed, 'Then, your honor, I'll lend you the money! It's all true,' eagerly interrupted the man; 'it's all true; I'm as poor as I said I was—divil the lie's in it. I'm begging my way back to my country, where I've friends; and there's a vessel ready, I'm tould, that sails from Swansea to-night. I've got some money, but I want more to pay my passage before I go, and I'm starving myself for that raison; but is it for me to see another worse off than myself, and deny him relafe? Your honor's lame; now, I've got my legs anyhow, and that's a comfort, sure!' Then, taking a dirty rag out of his pocket, and showing about two shillings' worth of coppers, he counted out twelvepence, and proffered them to Mr. Mathews, who, willing to put the man's sincerity of intention to the proof, held out his hand for the money, at the same time inquiring, 'How, if I borrow this, shall I be able to return it? My house is some miles on the other side of the ferry, and you say you are in haste to proceed. I shall not be able to send a messenger back here for several hours, and you will then have sailed?' 'Oh, thin, may be, when your honour meets another of my poor district countrymen, you'll pay *him* the twelve penny; sure, it's the same in the end.' Mr Mathews was affected at the poor fellow's evident sincerity; but, desirous to put the matter to the fullest test, he thanked his ragged benefactor, and wished him a safe journey back to his country. The man took his leave with, 'Long life to your honor,' trudged off, and was soon out of sight. Mathews waited till his friends arrived, then rode after and repaid the borrowed money with interest; but it was only on producing good evidence of his prosperous condition, that the poor fellow could be prevailed on to take it."—*Memoirs of Charles Mathews.*

—Frivolous curiosity about trifles, and laborious attention to little objects which neither require nor deserve a moment's thought, lower a man, who from thence is thought (and not unjustly) incapable of greater matters. Cardinal de Retz very sagaciously marked out Cardinal Chigi for a little mind, from the moment he told him that he had written three years with the same pen, and that it was an excellent good one still.

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

## THE RED MAN'S FATE.

A CHAPTAQUAH.

BY WILLIAM ROSE WALLACE.

We hear the rustling of their weary quiver
As the dark warriors move, and they are gone
Like shadows—the unwieldy we perceive,
But nowhere see their wayward's smoke;
Their constellation arises in every vein
From Hudson's iron belt unto the farthest
Of golden Florida; their wild war-dance
And song, shrill chants of victory sleep.
The wanderers and the sleepers. In glory's dust
Their warriors; sons the lubulant songs
Of other days learned their eager tongues;
The joyous mothers with their children play
Around the cabin doors, and by the council fires:
The old sit down, but wage war—they should cease
In fairer regions rest, by Manito prepared
Beyond the western sky, for all the brave.
O brave men never tried, O truer men
Now draw the lowering: Courage was their only
And fortunate; no danger did they fly,
No hardship feared—true to their country, homes,
And friends. If they no agony forgave,
No wisdom they forgot. Where are they now—
Their villages, their warriors, their tents?
Their fields of maize, and their old hunting-ground?
The whole that not a single stone that they
Can call their own. Already are the lists
Four-fourths of their people with sad eyes
Turned to strange lands close on the setting sun.
I see them leave their ancestors' graves—
How—few and faint, but fearless still—and proud;
Cast on the ashes all their native breathe;
The smoke no longer from the wigwam curls;
With them unmoved they take their way.
Dances of greed and riot are not theirs,
Nor songs of wailing for the dead departed—
They bend him sad. They turn to look a last,
Fond, agonizing, lingering last look
Of their dear villages, but everywhere
They cast a last look on their father's graves.
They shed no tears. Even when no wife or child
They leave on graves. Within their quivering hearts
Is something passing sweet—a joy and pain.
A dreadful something, as of vengeance fierce,
Of hope, of glory, and of love to come.
Sweet, sad thrills all—all—all—
They linger not a moment now—their look
Is on—they pass the final entrance—now
Shall they return that cloud—ah, nevermore!
They know, they feel that there is for them no
But one dread, awful journey more.
No throat, no name, no sound, no more
Oh, where—within the last grim Bardo Thurst
Of—

## FOREST ADVENTURES.—NO. 56.

BY COL. WALTER B. DUNLAP.

### WHAT THE JACKALS WERE AFTER. A WILD DASH.

Darley had made up his prognostication touching the weather, for the morning opened fair and beautiful, with a fine, bracing breeze from the mountains. When I had washed and dressed myself I found Darley and Winston with the coffee made, and some fresh mutton-chops broiled and buttered. We soon sat down to breakfast, and when the meal was over I thought of the plans where the buffalo had fled, and I turned towards the corner where our spoils stood, when I saw Harry already in possession of the implements.

"What now?" said I.

"To tell you the truth, Colonel," replied Harry, after a moment's hesitation, "I have a curiosity to find out what those jackals were digging after last night."

Just as he spoke Phil. Darley, who had been out to the horses, came in; and when he heard what he saw Harry with the spade in his hand, he said:

"Aha—after the buried carcass, eh? I remember—it was a cow, wasn't it?"

"It was, and what's more, only," I responded.

"That is just what I was going," he added, "as true as you live, I've a great curiosity to know how and when that cow came to her death."

Lieut. and Sam had had no particular inclination that way, but they were curious enough to follow us and see. Therefore the spade and commenced to dig. It was muddy, sloppy work, but we soon found it, and ere long he touched something that was neither a rock nor a stick. A few more shovelfuls of dirt were removed, and we saw a human arm sticking out from the earth. Harry and Darley would have stepped work, but we urged him on.

"Never be frightened at a little mud," said Darley.

"Lord bless ye, I isn't afraid," replied Pete, wiping his brow with his sleeve; "only six yer years to me take nothin' to dig dem holes, but yer s'pose's somebody buried de nigger's body, thinkin' dem Injuns would find it? It do look reckshun, what kind ob a scrape dye 'magine de chile 'll find himself in when he dey ob him next comes? What'll I say when de spirit-ob-de yer carry-on-about-de-animal sizes me what I did wid his body? By golly, I guess somebody else 'll have to dig."

We smiled at the darkey's earnestness, for he seemed to be in earnest, and we urged him on again to set him at work again, and pretty soon he had exhumed the body of a full-grown man. The flesh was slightly decayed, but the outlines of the man were perfectly preserved to enable us to determine that the deceased had been of middle age.

"There is something more," said Darley, pointing to what was a piece of cotton cloth long out from the side of the excavation.

By the boy he seized the spade and went at work, and in a little while a second body was brought to light and laid over by the side of the first.

"What do you make of it?" I said, turning to Darley.

"There has been some unfair work here, we may, Phil's reply. "This was a Greek merchant," he continued, pointing to the last body, "and this was his servant. I am very sure that I see them in the dim light of many weeks ago."

"Then they've been murdered?" suggested Harry.

"Murdered and robbed," added Darley.

"And who do you think did it?"

"Indians probably, from the moccasin, but at length he answered:

"If we believe we will find out. At present let us cover up the bodies as we found them, and then proceed to examine the cow." A quarter of an hour more and the bodies were covered up in their sepulchre for several days, and if we had not been interrupted, they would probably be there yet.

Darley led us to the cow, and having shovelled back the dirt, we returned to the breastwork, where our horses were tethered, and after a brief consultation, Darley and myself mounted and rode off, leaving the others to gathering from him the information that they were soon arriving at. We had begun to become of our old distrustful

"What have become of our old distrustful ways?" I asked.

"They are here," replied the pokal.

Then the colonel laughed and he was with (No information I judged that he was with pleasure.

"Good, Colonel," cried, turning to me, "we've found just what we want—two of the best thoroughbreds in Dakota. Pay handsomely, can beat Buffaloes in Dakota. Pay handsomely, can manage to try them, and I can swear to their courage and honesty."

It is little while we found the men. They came hurrying out as soon as they knew that the lieutenant had arrived, and as they had their spears in their hands it was evident that they were ready for work. They were Blackfoot Indians, of Arab stock, and named Malek and Abdalla. Malek was rather the shorter of the two; but they were both remarkable looking, active, and the dismount of one satisfactory.

"Do you want us for the Shikar?" asked Abdalla. "We will serve you with them."

Darley was about to refer them to me, but I told him to engage them with them if he saw fit; the result of which was, that Malek and Abdalla were engaged, and we were soon mounted at a rate of compensation much less than should have been the case.

Our Shikarees knew where the wild hogs had been seen, and we were not long in making our way from the village under their guidance. At the distance of some half-dozen miles we came to a wild tract, with rocky mountains upon one hand and a wide stretch of jungle upon the other, while between the two was a spread of grass land reaching from into a level vale towards a dense forest.

"In, shikh!" cried Malek, pointing towards a thicket near the rocks. "There are the boys!"

"Ah!" uttered Abdalla, "what a fit to kill a hog!"

"In the name!" exclaimed Darley, "you'll find out before you get through with this day's work!"

Old Ben seemed inclined to say something more of a disdainful nature, but as that moment Malek and Abdalla had been set loose by their companions, and Ben, as well as Darley and myself, was soon bounding out from the jungle in pursuit of three wild hogs, which, as we came on, and the lieutenant passed the word to "charge the centre." We did so, and the hogs were pulled, and finally Darley and myself discharged his piece, and the hogs were killed. Darley's ball entered his right shoulder, and his a few seconds more were enormous creatures, and when I saw them I thought that they were the largest hogs I had ever seen.

"Thunder and lightning!" ejaculated Ben Darley.

"Dear reader, do you fancy that the wild hog is dangerous? Yes? If such a fancy is ever found lodging in your mind, banish it at once, and get rid of it as quickly as possible. Darley and myself discharged his piece, and the hogs were killed. Darley was wounded in the shoulder, and Ben, because he was wounded by ejaculated, "Thunder and lightning!"